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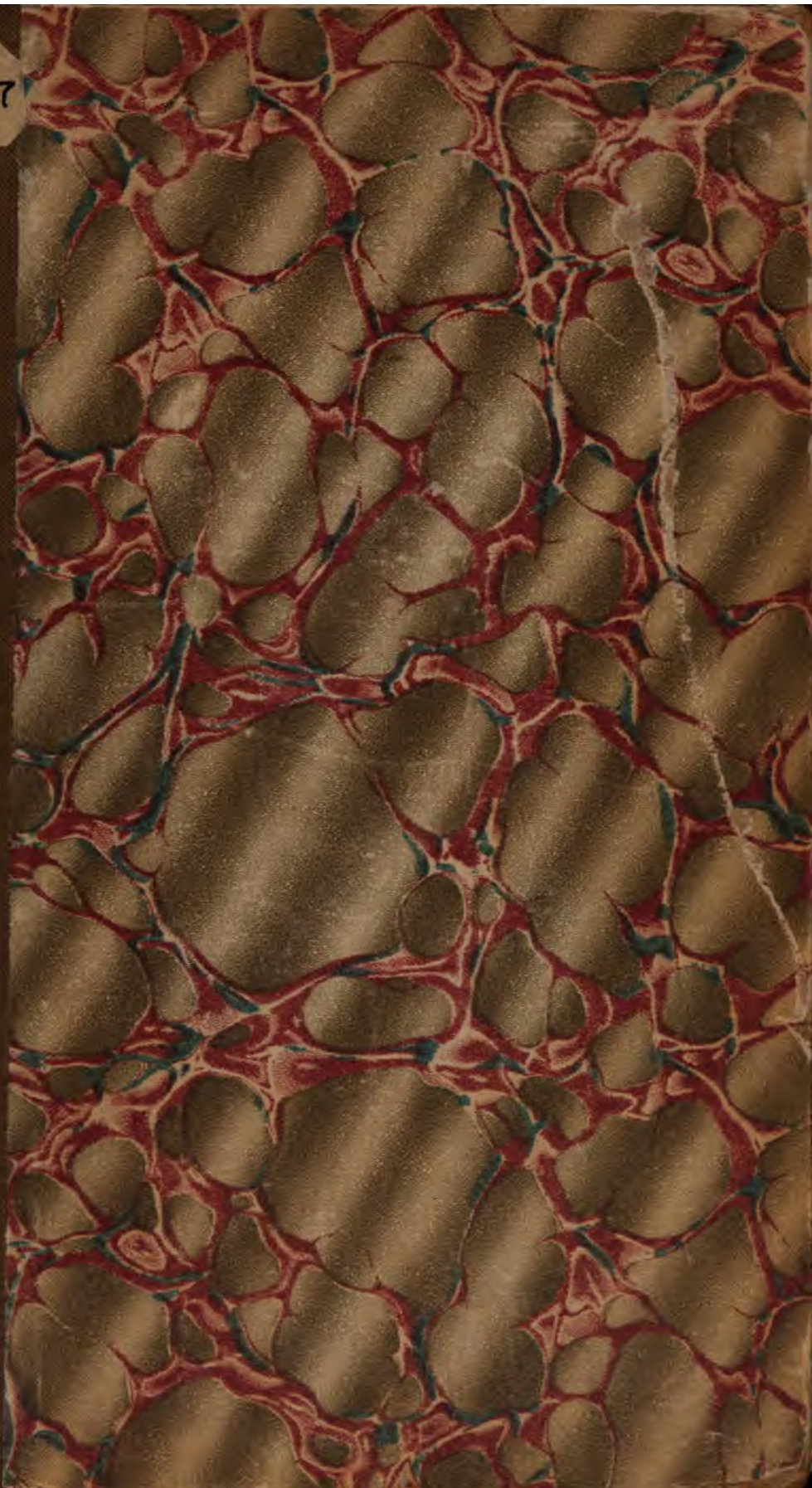
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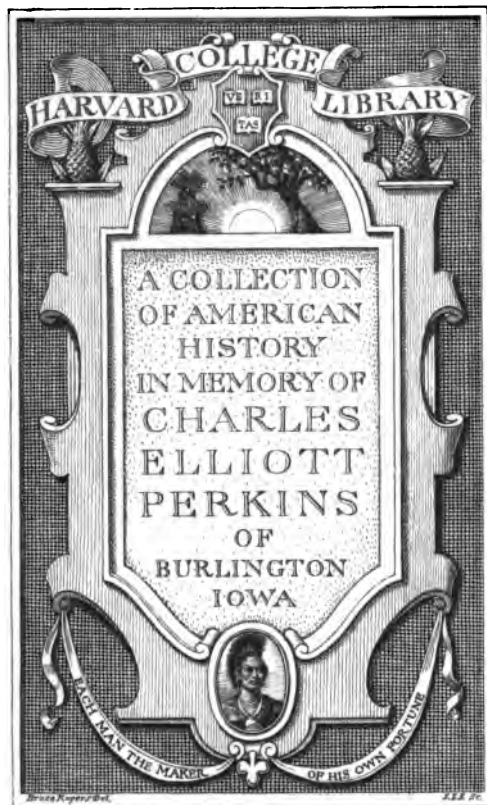
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Tri - State Old Settlers' Association - Report



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THE GIFT OF HIS DAUGHTER
ALICE FORBES PERKINS HOOPER



*Compliments -
Historical Dept. of Iowa*

REPORT

OF THE

Organization and First Reunion

OF THE

Tri-State Old Settlers' Association,

— OF —

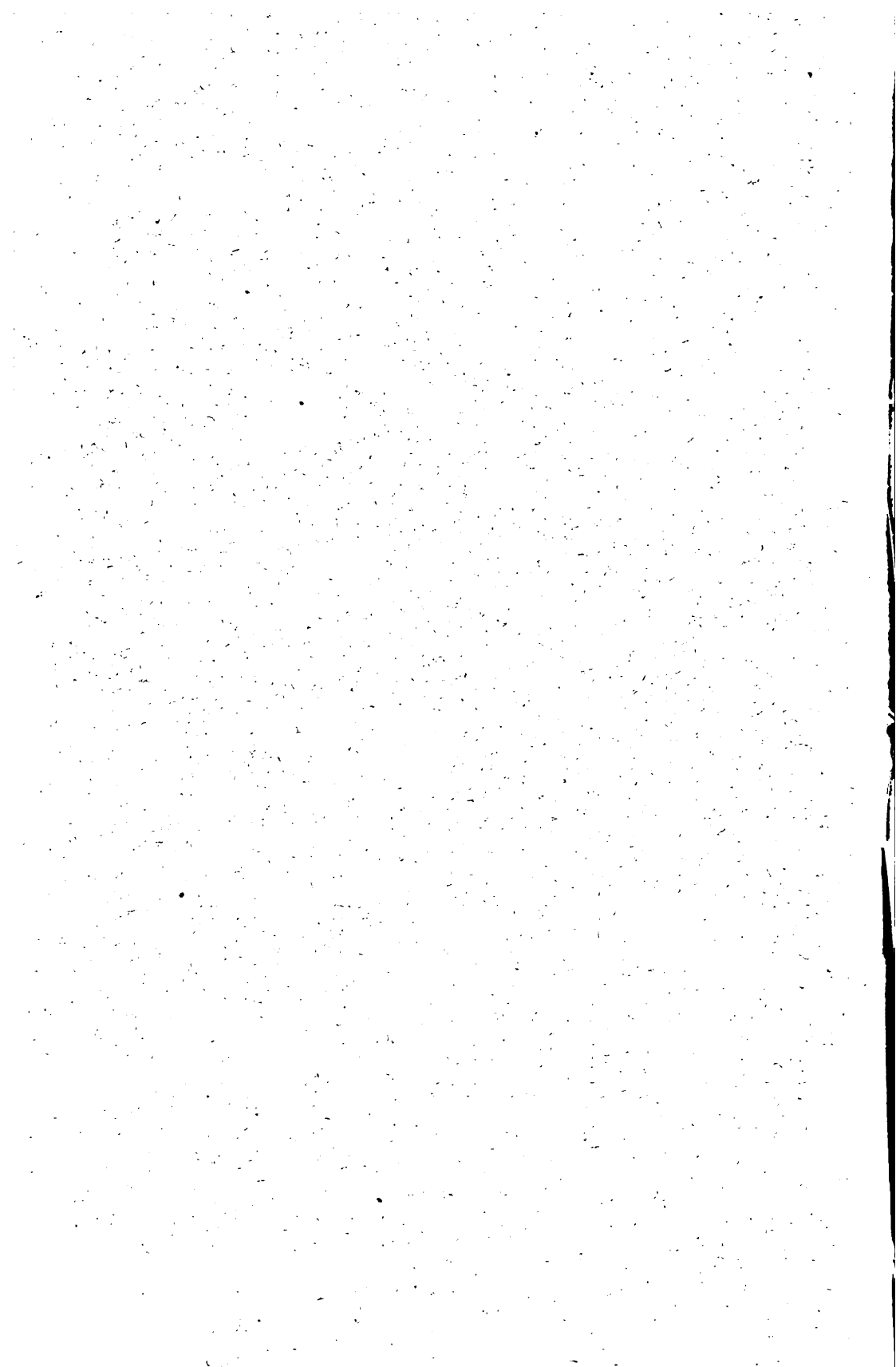
ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND IOWA,

HELD

Thursday, October 2d, A. D. 1884,

AT RAND PARK,

KEOKUK, IOWA.



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REPORT

OF THE

ORGANIZATION AND FIRST REUNION

OF THE

Tri-State Old Settlers' Association,

—OF—

ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND IOWA,

Held Thursday, October 2d, A. D. 1884,

—AT—

RAND PARK, KEOKUK, IOWA.

RESOLUTION OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Resolved, That J. H. Cole, Secretary, and Dr. J. M. Shaffer, Historian,
be instructed and ordered to publish in pamphlet form
the full proceedings of the Association
to date, October 3rd, 1884.

KEOKUK, IOWA:
TRI-STATE PRINTING CO.,
1884.

✓ US 23307.15



Charles E. Perkins ✓

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HISTORICAL.

The Tri-State Old Settlers' Association of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa owes its origin to the earnest desire on the part of many old citizens of Keokuk to meet their friends of early days and renew old friendships and acquaintances, and to form new ones. To this end the organization known as the Citizens' Association, was asked to take the preliminary steps toward establishing, on a permanent footing, an association that would bring together, in annual reunions, the pioneers of the three States.

Accordingly, the Citizens' Association invited the citizens of Keokuk to meet together on the evening of July 3d, 1884, at the U. S. Court room in the Estes House, to determine the question as to whether such reunions should be held, and if so, the time, place, etc.

A large number of citizens responded, and it was resolved unanimously to organize a Tri-State Old Settlers' Association. The following Executive Committee was selected: J. M. Reid, Geo. F. Jenkins, J. O. Voorhies, D. F. Miller, Sr., J. B. Paul, S. E. Carey and J. H. Cole. September 4th, 1884, and Rand Park, were agreed on as the time and place for holding the first reunion.

At a subsequent meeting the Executive Committee reported the Constitution, which was adopted, the programme of exercises, and October 2nd, 1884, as the date for the first reunion, on account of the local fairs being held in surrounding counties in September.

A Committee on Invitation was appointed who sent out about 3,500 special invitations. Responses to many of these were made in person and to some by letters, which may be found in their proper place.

The weather, which had been very rainy and disagreeable, changed on the evening of October 1st, and gave on the 2nd a most delightful day.

The programme, arranged as below, was strictly adhered to, and in addition thereto, a dancing platform, a soldiers' dinner, (hard tack, pork and beans, etc.,) for all old soldiers, a game of base ball, and other features of a social character filled up the day and interested the various classes gathered together.

PROGRAMME.

ASSOCIATION CALLED TO ORDER,

By S. E. Carey, Esq., President, at 10 o'clock A. M.

PRAYER,

By Rev. L. B. Dennis, of Knoxville, Ill.

MUSIC—"AMERICA,"

By Vocalists under the leadership of H. C. Landes, Esq.

ADDRESS,

General Wm. W. Belknap, Washington, D. C., President of the Day.

MUSIC—BY KEOKUK MILITARY BAND,

"Ye Olden Times."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME,

By Hon. Edward Johnstone, Keokuk, Iowa.

RESPONSE FOR MISSOURI,

By General Jno. W. Noble, of St. Louis, Mo.

MUSIC—"OLD SETTLERS' SONG."

RESPONSE FOR ILLINOIS,

By Hon. Henry Strong, of Chicago, Ill.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH,

Justice Sam'l F. Miller, Washington, D. C.

APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEE

To recommend Officers for ensuing year.

RECESS FOR DINNER.

MUSIC—BY KEOKUK MILITARY BAND, AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.,

"Academy Waltzes."

PRAYER,

By Rev. Wm. Salter, of Burlington, Iowa.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH,

By Hon. A. G. Adams, of Burlington, Iowa.

ORATION,

By Hon. Wm. H. Hatch, of Hannibal, Mo.

MUSIC—"OLD HAWKEYE STATE."

ADDRESSES,

By Capt. J. W. Campbell, of Fort Madison, Iowa.

By Gen. Geo. W. Jones, of Dubuque, Iowa.

By Capt. Wm. Hillhouse, of Burlington, Iowa.

MUSIC—BY KEOKUK MILITARY BAND,

Clarinet Solo, "Nightingale Polka."

SHORT SPEECHES

FROM

Hon. Edwin Manning, of Keosauqua, Iowa.

Col. Geo. A. Hawley, of Hamilton, Illinois.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE AND ELECTION

Of Executive Committee for Ensuing Year.

SONG—"AULD LANG SYNE."

CONSTITUTION.

WHEREAS, Sociable and friendly relations are desirable amongst all men, but more especially with those who as neighbors and friends have shared the adversities and hardships of a pioneer's life; therefore, in order to promote and maintain amongst the people of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa the most intimate and friendly relations, and for the purpose of keeping alive and perpetuating the record of the old settlers and pioneers of these States, and to cultivate the heretofore existing social relations, we do adopt the following Constitution :

Article 1. The name and title of this organization shall be the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

Art. 2. All persons who were residents in either Iowa, Illinois or Missouri prior to 1860, or who shall have resided in any of these States for twenty-five years, or who having been born in either of them and remained until their majority, or who may be elected at any meeting an "honorary member," shall be eligible to membership and become members on signing this Constitution.

Art. 3. The affairs and business of the Association after its first meeting shall be managed by an Executive Committee of nine members, to be chosen at said first meeting, and annually thereafter at the yearly reunions; said committee to hold their office until their successors are elected and organized as hereafter provided. Three members of said committee shall be selected from each of the States represented in the Association. From their number the Executive Committee shall select a President, and one Vice-President from each of the three States, and from the members of the Association, select a Treasurer, a Secretary, and such other officers and committees as may be necessary to promote the objects of this Association. The officers named above shall be deemed the officers of the Association, and perform the usual duties of such officers until their successors are elected.

Art. 4. The place for holding the reunions shall be at Keokuk, Iowa, at such dates as may be fixed by the Executive Committee. Until its first reunion, its affairs and business shall be managed by an Executive Committee of seven, consisting of J. M. Reid, J. O. Voorhies, J. B. Paul, D. F. Miller, Sr., Geo. F. Jenkins, S. E. Carey and J. H. Cole.

Art. 5. This Constitution may be amended, altered or changed in any way at any annual meeting.

Adopted at Keokuk, Iowa, July 31st, 1884.

Attest:

SAM'L E. CAREY, President.

J. H. COLE, Secretary.

COMPLETE LIST OF OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

FROM INCEPTION OF THE ASSOCIATION TO OCTOBER 2nd, 1884.

D. F. Miller, Sr., Chairman of the first meeting, held July 3, 1884.

D. C. Daugherty, Secretary of same.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Samuel E. Carey, President,	J. H. Cole, Secretary.
J. O. Voorhies, Treasurer,	D. F. Miller, Sr.,
J. M. Reid, Geo. F. Jenkins,	J. B. Paul.

COMMITTEE ON CONSTITUTION.

S. E. Carey, J. O. Voorhies, J. H. Cole.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

J. M. Reid, J. B. Paul, Dr. Geo. F. Jenkins.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS.

C. F. Davis, W. A. Brownell, J. M. Reid, Jno. Walker, R. E. Hill.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

Conrad Eimbeck, H. C. Landes, Dr. J. C. Hughes, Dr. A. Weismann.

COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS.

Hugh Copeland, H. C. Anschutz, Fred. Hilpert.

COMMITTEE ON ROOMS, BAGGAGE, ETC.

Richard Root, Patrick Gibbons.

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION.

W. A. Brownell,	F. T. Hughes,	H. H. Trimble.
J. F. Daugherty,	J. K. Mason,	J. C. Coombs.

COMMITTEE ON PROGRAMME.

C. F. Davis, J. H. Cole, Dr. J. M. Shaffer.

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION.

Jno. N. Irwin,	J. M. Reid,	C. P. Birge,	D. Moor.
S. M. Clark,	Dr. W. A. George,	Geo. D. Rand,	R. B. B. Wood.

COMMITTEE ON SEATS, PARK, ETC.

Geo. D. Rand,	J. B. Paul,	Jno. T. Griffey,
John Culbertson,	Horace H. Ayres,	Conrad Eimbeck.

COMMITTEE TO PROVIDE ACCOMMODATIONS FOR ORATORS, ETC.

J. H. Cole, W. A. Brownell.

DECORATING COMMITTEE.

J. M. Huiskamp, H. T. Graham.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

J. H. Cole, Dr. J. M. Shaffer.

PROCEEDINGS.

Samuel E. Carey, Esq., President of the Executive Committee, in calling the Association to order, spoke as follows:

"It is always proper, and the right thing to do at the inauguration of any undertaking, and especially so on an occasion of this kind, where we for the first time meet together to organize an association of the early settlers of the three States which are so closely united at this point, to call upon God to bless our effort. We to-day are happy to have with us one of the first, if not the very first settled preacher of the Gospel in all this region—Rev. L. B. Dennis, of Knoxville, Illinois, who will now lead us prayer.

PRAYER BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

Our Father in heaven, in Thy providence and mercy and kindness Thou hast permitted us to meet to-day as we have never met before. A number of us, men of former years and former surroundings, are permitted to come to this gathering, where the old settlers of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, are called together to spend one day in social greeting. May the blessings of God rest upon the officers of the day, upon the executive and all its arrangements, and especially upon the speakers, and upon every interest that involves the welfare of the occasion. We thank Thee, our Father, that the dark clouds, the threatening storm, have all passed away. This morning the beautiful sun and smiling nature tell us of Thy goodness. We ask Thy blessing, not only upon us here, and upon the States we represent, but upon the United States, and upon our rulers, and upon all in high places. May the God of all good rule in all the matters of earth and matters of interest and matters of welfare of our nation. And when we are done with the affairs of life and labor here, may we all die aright; and then may we have more than an annual greeting in the land of rest and home of the happy. We ask it through our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love,
I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song.
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee—
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing,
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

General Belknap, President of the Day, being introduced, made the following address :

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND OLD SETTLERS:—I cannot claim the honor of being a very old settler. although I landed at Keokuk thirty-three years ago. But the wonderful changes which have occurred in that time in the improvement in travel, in the modes of labor, in the speed of mails, in the spread of education, and in society itself, mark the passage of a century, instead of the lapse of a third of that time. And although these various changes have occurred, we do not, without reflection, realize them.

I remember making the trip in 1851 from Washington to St. Louis. From New York to Buffalo the way was by several disconnected and slow-going roads, where changes were repeatedly made by the traveler from train to train ; thence by steamer to Detroit, for there was no Lake Shore road, thence by rail to New Buffalo on Lake Michigan, whence we went across the lake to Chicago in a storm far more severe than any I ever saw on the ocean. Chicago then had about thirty-five thousand people, but its destiny was in the future, and its present prospect of being, as I believe it will be, the largest city on the continent, was not dreamed of. To St. Louis there were three ways of travel—by canal-boat, stage, or on foot. We chose the former and reaching La Salle after a night and day's experience on the canal ; we went down the Illinois on the steamer "Prairie Bird," reaching St. Louis in five and one-half days from New York—a trip heralded in the papers then as being remarkable for speed, although they hoped that it might be made in four days. Mark the contrast. Since then I have frequently left Washington in the morning and reached Keokuk the next evening. Were the connections arranged, the trip could easily be made in thirty hours or less, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi here.

And since those days, the State of Iowa, whose foundations were laid by the old settlers on the true rock of liberty, in toil, peril, hardships, privation and labor, has grown into a grand commonwealth, the strength of whose future empire no prophet can predict. From your borders men have gone forth, who have, in numbers, filled prominent positions in the nation, and the career of the State has but begun.

In recalling the past, many strange memories are revived. One of my earliest and most pleasant recollections of Keokuk has ever been that of hearing the music there of a lovely singer many years ago, and my thoughts were recalled to it not very long ago in Washington. Adalina Patti was announced to sing there at the National Theater. There was great anxiety to hear her, and the seats brought fabulous prices; those who were unable to procure them at the office, paid high premiums for them. President Arthur was expected. Great interest was manifested, and the gardens, green houses and conservatories of the Capital furnished their choicest flowers in honor of the beautiful singer. Thirty years ago Adalina Patti—then an artless little girl known as “Little Patti”—sang in what was then a small church, and what is now a stable on Third street, near High, in Keokuk. Ole Bull, the great violinist, was with her, and I believe that her first vocal efforts were made here and in other towns in the northwest. Ole Bull is dead, and while his extraordinary instrument still impressed his audience, few of those who heard him and his young companion, remember that the little girl whom they then heard is the same one who is now, without question, the most charming singer in the world. That she who now selects her own days, names her own prices, entrances her audiences, and is said to collect personally from her manager before leaving the theater each night, her three thousand five hundred or four thousand dollars, is the same “Little Patti” whom we paid fifty cents to hear in a remote western town, and who almost began her career in Keokuk. But this is only one incident among many pleasant ones which come to us from the past.

Old settlers of the northwest! You will never cease to be remembered as the pioneers of a country whose prosperity is largely due to your early labors in the dark days of the land's beginning. Facing danger, accepting hardship and welcoming labor, you have lived long enough to see the glad fruition of your work, and to find yourselves surrounded by peace, happiness and prosperity, and by multitudes of younger men who rise up and call you old men and matrons blessed! When twenty-three years ago a great war insulted the flag and threatened the nation, you willingly gave your sons to the country, and sent into the service those who had sprung from you, and who were tied to your hearts by bonds of kindred and of paternal love. And the desolation caused by the loss of one and another, who never came back to that fireside again, still casts

its cloud over many a home when the triumphs won by the Union arms are recalled. As your years pass and your days decline, as your ranks grow thinner and your places are filled by those of us who are younger, we are "old settlers," but we never can be pioneers. That honor is reserved for you alone. What you did will never be forgotten, what you achieved will always live, and your best eulogy will be the story of your lives, which we, and those who come after us, and those who come after them, will tell to other generations.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am advised by the managers of this reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, that several distinguished gentlemen are present to address this meeting. In the meantime they have instructed me to extend, in a very few words, a cordial welcome to this assemblage. It would require the voice of a trumpet to reach the ears of a crowd gathered together in this beautiful park. I wish that I possessed it, so that I could convey to every individual the heartfelt greetings of the people I have the honor to represent.

My friends, I congratulate you that we meet in an auspicious season, that genial breezes, cloudless skies, and an October sun add to the comfort and delight of our meeting. I congratulate you on the abundant "kindly fruits" that our bounteous Mother Earth has poured out from her bosom, on the universal good health of the land, and that peace, plenty and prosperity dwell in our midst. I congratulate you more especially, that to-day, and here, we have a time of rest and quiet social intercourse, when on every side the country is "tempest tossed" by a political conflict.

Men and women of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, it is good for us all to be here; to throw aside, for one day at least, all public and private care; to meet and exchange the friendly greetings, and cultivate that spirit of amity and social regard which should ever characterize good neighbors and good citizens.

My friends, have you ever considered how great are the States we represent—Illinois, Missouri and Iowa? An empire in themselves—nay each of them fitted to be an empire! Did you ever reflect on the vast territorial extent of these States; their present population and immense resources; all of which sink into insignificance when compared with the days to come, those "far off summers that we shall not see?"

Situated, virtually, in the heart of the United States, midway in the great valley of the Mississippi, they are strong enough by their moral influence alone to insure for all time, the perpetuity of the Union. Think of these three States standing together for whatever purpose! What could resist their power? A cordial union of these over-shadowing

communities would give to them, in all things and always, over every antagonist, "sovereign sway and masterdom."

The Mississippi river, which flows in beauty and majesty unparalleled along our borders, is another bond of union between us. What are all the rivers of the world when compared with our great river? Its immense valley is the granary of nations, and the men of the future who will occupy it—whose multitudinous foot-tread the duldest in imagination can now hear—could, if need be, conquer the world. Men and brethren of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, what valley is like to our great valley; what river is like to our great river, well and fitly named the Father of Waters?

My friends, the wonderful material wealth of this valley will only confer great blessings if diffused among the people. If held in the hands of the few it will prove an oppression and a curse. Although not strictly germane to the subject of my address, yet I know you will pardon me for digressing to say that, unlike the methods of our old-settler forefathers, the hasty and eager desire to grow rich suddenly without effort or honest labor, perchance by overreaching deception and fraud, is the giant evil of the day; and the fruitful source of the numberless bankruptcies, felonies, breaches of trust, suicides and murders, which have laid the foundation of the wide-spread distrust that, pervading the land, is the chiefest factor in the present depression of business.

The Apostle Paul never uttered a wiser or truer saying than that the love of money—contra-distinguished from its use—the insatiable greed for money—"was the root of all evil." How many men of otherwise faultless lives, lose property and reputation in their haste to grow rich by pursuing the sinuous practices of Wall street, or stepping into the fatal pitfalls of the Chicago Board of Trade?

The undue importance ascribed to mere wealth is conspicuously exhibited by the fact that many really eminent statesmen, in their public utterances in regard to the progress of the country, confine themselves wholly to its increase in worldly riches. The importance of the true riches of a country—religion, education, morality, probity, and industry—seems to be subordinated to its mere material prosperity.

Men of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, we must educate ourselves and our children to have faith in something else in the world than money. We must teach the lesson that no man is a good citizen who has not some honest employment of head or hand. We must have some purpose, some business in life, and not be mere drones living off the labors of better men. We must cultivate industry, honesty, sobriety, hospitality, and all the amenities and courtesies of social life. We must remember that:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
When wealth accumulates and men decay."

And above all, let us ever keep it in mind that it is not riches that gives a man "peace at the last."

My friends, standing here to-day at the gate of Iowa, in the presence of this great concourse of sturdy men, beautiful women, and flower garden of children, I cannot help recalling the time, nearly half a century ago, when I first saw the magnificent landscapes bordering the rapids of the Mississippi. Dense forests covered the hillsides; a few cabins peered out from the undergrowth along the river; an occasional Indian might be seen; some wandering steamboats passed up and down the stream, scarcely disturbing the wild fowl that floated on its bosom.

It is marvelous how many and important events in the history of a new country, are crowded into the space of a single lifetime. I look down the vista of departed years, and see in my "mind's eye" the wondrous changes moving along like a grand panorama. I see in the motley crowd some figures more prominent than others. I see Keokuk and Black Hawk, Joe. Smith the Prophet, Cabet the Icarian—all of whom I knew, and some of them quite well—passing along until they fade far away into the dim distance like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream.

My friends, again I tender you a hearty welcome. May this day be but the beginning of days which each revolving year will celebrate, and thus keep ever green the memory of the Old Settlers of the Upper Mississippi Valley "to the last syllable of recorded time." Let these days be the means of bringing into nearer contact and companionship the people of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, and knitting firmer and closer the bonds of their commercial and social relations. In conclusion, I add in the words of the master poet:

"Once more I shower a welcome on ye,—welcome all."

RESPONSE FOR MISSOURI BY GENERAL JNO. W. NOBLE.

MR. PRESIDENT, OLD SETTLERS AND FRIENDS:—Your hearty welcome just delivered in such eloquent terms by our old friend the Hon. Edward Johnstone, is very precious to the old settlers who have come here to-day from old Missouri to join in your reunion.

The city in which we meet is the center of a mighty and growing civilization embracing three great States. A pivotal point around which revolves the interests, and I may add, the affections of great commonwealths.

To some of us, sir, an individual interest attaches to the occasion. This kind old city of Keokuk is the pioneer cabin in which our strength was nurtured, and where we learned the strict lessons of industry and honor, and ever as our thoughts turn to her, we praise her for whatever of good we may have helped confer on our fellowmen. God bless the people of Iowa, and the old Gate City.

But, sir, we are not assembled for expression of merely personal feeling. Three mighty States sit to-day in conclave to honor the old settlers of this land.

Indeed, this is a noble purpose. What great sacrifices and services are now to be remembered and recalled, the priceless benefits of which we enjoy. We think not only of the living, of those of our own times, but reaching to the far distant past, we remember the discoverers of and pioneers of this far western land. We recall DeSoto, with his pageantry and search for gold, discovering in 1542 in the far south the great river on whose bank we assemble. We reverently refer to Joliet and Marquette, who in 1667, reached the river at the north. We think with pride of Laclede, who in 1764 founded St. Louis, the now great metropolis of the Mississippi valley. We mention old Daniel Boone, who died within the borders of Missouri; and we might still summon in long array the many men of courage and enterprise, self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause of progress, who in these western States have struggled and suffered for us all. Great respect is due all such forerunners of the human race, laboring either in the civilization that assaults the physical roughness and resistance of the original wilds, or the more terrible fierceness of fraud and passion that lurks among all ranks of men. Respect, did I say? Let me rather exclaim admiration and devotion is due their memory. Tribute has been paid to such men by all nations. Let others refer to classic times and tell how the progenitors of nations of long ago were deemed to have sprung from the earth. I recall rather from our western annals the funeral of Marquette. DeSoto in splendor had sought the new Eldorado for gold, had perished and been buried beneath the Mississippi at night, that no man might find him more. Marquette had sought to civilize and redeem his fellow men—even the rude barbarians; and dying on the banks of Lake Michigan, had there been buried. But soon the reverential savages sought his grave; with pious hands brought forth his bones; cleansed them in the waters of the lake he loved; placed them in a birch bark box woven by Indian maidens' hands, and in a long procession of thirty canoes filled with mourning chieftains, bore them with funeral dirge and stroke of steady rhythmic oar to the chapel of the Christian to rest forevermore. Let us not forget the services of all such men of early or recent date.

“Ye natives, ’twas thus your adventurous sires,
Forsaking their fatherland, altars and fires,
The homes of their childhood, the graves of their kin,
Gave all that they valued, for all they might win.”

“They climbed every barrier; no peril could daunt;
Through storm and through pestilence, battle and want,
And marching still on, with the path of the sun,
Regained a lost home in a Paradise won.”

"Their star was the day-star, and westward it led,
 'Till round them in beauty the bright Eden spread,
 And the garden of gardens, that blooms round us here,
 Were found and were won by the brave pioneer."

Mr. President, if such is the gratitude we owe to the old settlers, it becomes me, as the representative of the great State of Missouri, to report progress to your association, and to exhibit on what benefits is based Missouri's admiration for those who have gone before or still live as honored pioneers. It would please me greatly to enter the arena in friendly competition with you, my old-time and tried friends of Iowa and Illinois, and match names for statesmanship and enterprise we could produce from Missouri, but the time and occasion do not serve. The names of Barton, Benton, Bates, Geyer, Gamble, Laclede, Chouteau, Sarpy, Campbell and a host of others rush to memory. But a few short statistics will tell why Missouri pays tribute here to-day to her and your old settlers.

It is because of their heroic efforts and unlimited self sacrifice, she can present her glorious record of the past as entitling her to your welcome, and her bright hopes as worthy of your sisterly appreciation in friendly rivalry.

Her rank in population among the States of this great Union has been as follows:

1830 she was 31st with 140,455 inhabitants.
 1840 she was 16th with 383,702 inhabitants.
 1850 she was 13th with 682,044 inhabitants.
 1860 she was 8th with 1,182,012 inhabitants.
 1870 she was 5th with 1,192,295 inhabitants.
 1880 she was 5th with 2,168,380 inhabitants.

And she had at the last mentioned date within her borders the city of St. Louis, the sixth in rank, as to population and wealth, among the great municipalities of the country.

The banners of the city are flying to-day, my friends. She is adorned with all the vesture of a proud and beautiful metropolis. By the banks of this broad and majestic river, she looks to the south and she looks to the north, and she welcomes all in freedom, equality and peace. Missouri, says, too, she owes to the old pioneers that her per centage of increase of population was—

From 1860 to 1870, 45.6.

From 1870 to 1880, 22.9.

And in the same time Illinois was:

From 1860 to 1870, 48.3.

From 1870 to 1880, 21.

And Iowa:

From 1860 to 1870, 76.

From 1870 to 1880, 36.

On the last decade Missouri stands as against Illinois 25.9 to 21.1, with the greater population in Illinois; as against her sister Iowa 25.9 to 36, with the lesser population in Iowa.

Missouri's average size of farm is 129 acres, Iowa's 134 acres, and Illinois' 124; and of these homes of independence and industry, Illinois has 255,741, Iowa 185,351, and Missouri 215,575.

Missouri says that by the last census of the United States, she stands seventh in rank for the value of her manufactured products.

Missouri reports that she has compared with adjacent States, either formerly slave-holding or non-slave-holding, of illiteracy in her over two millions of population she has to acknowledge 13.4 (thirteen and four-tenths) per cent. Yet Kentucky has 29.9 per cent. and Arkansas has to confess to 38 per cent., and she cannot understand why everybody is proud to hail from old Kentucky, and it is popular to cry out against "poor old Missouri." I can come even here to glorious old Iowa, with all her energy and progress, and bear high the banner of Missouri without fear even of you, my old friends and comrades of Iowa and Illinois.

Of public schools Missouri has 10,329, Iowa 12,635, Illinois 15,203; but with these Illinois has high school education connected with 113, Iowa 141, while Missouri has it with 239.

Missouri is not here a jealous rival, but she wants you to understand that your welcome is gratefully acknowledged by her, but only as an equal, and all the aspiring sister of this glorious triad of States.

Settlers we are. Old settlers we claim to be. But some settle and grow old, and some settle a good deal in a very short time. Missouri has had some settlers who are not very old.

Ye glorious and triumphant States of Iowa and Illinois, how prosperous has been your career! Fresh as the prairies you found your homes; no blight was on your land; no cloud was on your sky.

Your advance in population and marvelous prosperity among the freedom-loving nations of the world was easy.

But alas, not so for old Missouri. She alone, from all this mighty northwest, was excepted and not made free soil.

Oh, what a burden was on her in this moving world! What an eclipse was on her star in the galaxy of States!

Settlers, what is it to settle? Is it merely to clear the forest, or will we gladly admit to our band those who clear out barbarity and all the horrid enemies of freedom?

Missouri not only bore slavery like a nightmare, while the grand States of Iowa and Illinois were free, with all the blessings that freedom

gives, but she bore war on her own soil, with 190,000 of her own men fighting for freedom.

Your war was abroad. It was within her borders; in her very bosom, You helped her, and God bless you for it. Your troops opened the battle of Pea Ridge and closed the last fighting on her soil at Osage and Independence.

Providence be thanked for her redemption. Old settlers of her borders, brave pioneers of the past, rejoice in Iowa! Be very proud of Illinois, but rejoice also for your other child, Missouri. She is coming on, young in her new birth, and radiant with her brilliant future. Do you mention the James boys? I reply we have to settle law and order in Missouri; and as you, when assailing the wilderness with your axes, have had to leave a stump or a snag here and there, and a hollow to fill, so we have our James to root out and our glorious fields of social harvest yet to gather. The axes are swinging and sounding. Comrades and fellow settlers—soldiers who settled this Union on freedom's side—we are with you and greet you. The events of our past history are marvelous, but the greatest are yet to come. Who can foretell the future of the old settler's glory?

In the past the hawk—bird of nature—soared over wilds where no civilized being trod. There were the mighty rivers, now named the Missouri, the Mississippi and the Ohio, and the lakes. But all was silence; the wild herds and barbarous men all these hills, plains and valleys held. But now ascend, oh, spirit of this land—mercurial commerce—winged of foot and far speeding in thy eagerness. In broad expanse are seen the factories and ports of commerce, increasing trade and many new designs to compass man's end. The steamboat plys the waters, the telegraph becomes the nerve of civilization, the telephone speaks through space and man's voice becomes like that of disembodied spirits, art and science add on every hand to the growth of human knowledge.

But this is where but now the eagle in his solitary circle swept and knew no danger.

But spirit of my native land, sweet liberty ascend and tell us what is to be.

Her voice has been heard and repeated by our most gifted and patriotic countryman, Washington Irving.

"Vast regions of inexhaustible fertility, deeply embosomed in our immense continent, and watered by the mighty lakes and rivers, I picture them to myself, as they soon will be, peopled by millions of industrious, telligent, enterprising, well-instructed and self-governed freemen blessed by a generally diffused competence, brightened with innumerable towns and cities, the marks of a boundless, internal commerce, and the seats of an enlightened civilization. I regard them as the grand and safe

depositories of the strength and perpetuity of our union. There lie the keys of an empire; there dwells the heart of our giant republic that must regulate its pulsations and send the current through every limb. There must our liberties take their deepest root and their purest nourishment; there, in a word, must we look for the growth of a real, free-born, home-bred national character, of which our posterity may be proud."

Hail, comrades, let us go forward!

MUSIC—"OLD SETTLER'S SONG."

Right here where Indian fires were lighted,
 Long, long ago—
 Where dusky forms by rum incited,
 Danced wildly to and fro—
 We Old Settlers come to greet you,
 Proffer heart and hand—
 Breathe, too, a fervent prayer to meet you
 Yonder in the spirit land.

Gone tawny chief, whose wary-cry sounded,
 All but his name—
 That, far and near, has been resounded,
 Linked with our rising fame—
 KEOKUK, with pride we gather
 On thy golden strand—
 While from the skies a loving father
 Blesses our sunset land.

O! brother there are dear old faces
 Hid 'neath the mold—
 Forms missing from their wanted places,
 Hands we have clasped, still and cold
 While the scores of years behind us
 Tell we're hastening on—
 And that when friends return to find us,
 Softly may fall, "They are gone."

Here brothers, where our noble river
 Chants through its waves—
 May we remain till called to sever,
 Make and guard our graves—
 And with welcoming shouts we'll greet you
 When you reach heaven's strand—
 Fling wide the golden gate and meet you
 Brothers, in the Edenland.

RESPONSE FOR ILLINOIS BY HON. HENRY STRONG.

MR. PRESIDENT AND OLD SETTLERS OF MISSOURI, ILLINOIS AND IOWA: As I look upon this assembly and see these fathers and mothers, who were little children when I first knew them, I feel like an old settler.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that I join you in this reunion of old settlers, to respond for the great commonwealth, by whose side for forty years, hand in hand, with equal step, Iowa has walked in the grand march of modern progress. In the State organization, Illinois ante-dates you nearly thirty years. But remember, our justly proud young neighbor, that those thirty years belong to the "Cycle of Cathay," that they were before the era of the cultivator and the reaper, and the railroad—they would not count five years now—so, you see, we are almost twins, our seniority being just enough to entitle us to your becoming deference. Therefore, just because we put on long dresses first, and sat up Saturday nights with our beau, I pray you, gentle sister, don't imagine you see any wrinkles across the river. We, too, inhaling the breezes of the prairies, and the spirit of liberty, have found what DeLeon sought in this western world, have been baptized in the fountain of eternal youth.

It is hard for me to bear in mind that I am representing Illinois, and not Iowa, on this occasion. And in this presence I might be indulged a word of reminiscence, while I recognize in this assembly so many familiar faces, and when so many mingled memories to me are centered here. I cannot make it seem that a generation has come and gone since I first looked upon this place. Instinctively my mind calls the roll of the friends of other days; of the men whose high character and enterprise so largely contributed to the rapid advancement and prosperity of this noble State, and who stamping their own impress upon her material and social progress, have given to Iowa an enviable place in the sisterhood of States.

It is just one hundred years since Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Thomas Hardy and Arthur Lee, authorized thereto by the State of Virginia, formally ceded to the United States the County of Illinois, which then comprised what was known as the northwestern territory, and embraced all the country north of the Ohio river up to the boundary of British America, and all east of the Mississippi river (including Indiana) not claimed by any other of the original thirteen States. A good sized county, I hear you say. Three years later the organic law of the territory was enacted by Congress, the celebrated ordinance of 1787, by which this magnificent domain, richer in all material than even the fabled wealth that turned Columbus' prow across the untried sea, was forever consecrated to freedom.

No poetic legend lingers about the birth of Illinois. As in the case of Iowa and many of the Western States, an Indian chief stood sponsor at

her birth, and hence her name Illinois, "the men." Her history is your history, the common history of the pioneers of the west, and may be summed up in a few words—privation, suffering and danger, borne with patience, fortitude and courage.

I have sometimes wondered if to the prophetic mind of Marquette the vision of the future was opened, as he and Joliet in their birch canoes floated down this royal river, and here in the State of Iowa, among the Illinois Indians planted their first mission in the valley of the Mississippi ; or whether the less religious and more daring mind of LaSalle ever dreamed of the empire that would grow up around his Kaskaskia and Peoria and Chartres. They carried no arms to subdue hostile tribes ; they conquered with the calumet and the cross—Old Fort Chartres, a classic name in the annals of this valley, that seems to connect the antithesis of history, and recalls the golden age of both England and France ; of Louis the Great and the Duke of Orleans ; of the Mississippi bubble and John Law, who spending millions upon that fort, the citadel of his future commercial capital, made Frenchmen believe that every dollar of the irredeemable paper of his Grand Mississippi Company was worth forty dollars in gold or silver ; who was the great original of the "Ohio idee" and from whom our friend General Weaver must have learned his economy of finance.

It recalls the age of Queene Anne and the galaxy of genius that made her reign illustrious ; the age of Bolingbroke and Wapole, of Swift and Pope, of Marlborough, and the Prince Eugene. What memories and what contrast, too ! There Louis' court ; here Marquette's wigwam ; there the splendid legions of the most splendid empire upon the earth ; here the pipe of peace, and the crucifix of the humble followers of Loyola. That glorious empire went down in revolution and blood, while the hut of the pioneer has become the freeman's castle, the royal home of the rulers of the great republic.

I see before me here to-day in this reunion of old settlers, the survivors of the men, who leaving their childhood's homes, founded in the Valley of the Mississippi an empire of freedom, of intelligence, of security, of comfort, of abundance, and of every earthly blessing ; who had the ambition to better their fortunes, and the courage and fortitude to brave dangers and endure privation, the faith to trust a destiny their own bold enterprise should carve out. They recognized the great truth in political economy, that the wealth of the soil is the best foundation of national greatness and individual prosperity.

They knew that three hundred thousand square miles of land, rich as the Valley of the Po, must become the seat of empire and furnish the best guarantee, in the future, for all those institutions of religion, charity and learning that enrich the life of the citizen.

They saw further than the statesman of their day. For even James Monroe, after crossing the Alleghanies himself, and obtaining the best information he could, reported that this country was a treeless waste which probably for a century to come would not be entitled to a member of Congress.

Within half a century the President of the United States was elected from the Valley of the Mississippi, and long since the prophecy of the pioneer has become the fact of history.

Were London surrounded, as Chicago and St. Louis are, by a quarter of a million square miles of soil of exhaustless fertility, the future of England would be more secure than it is. Were the sterile plains of Germany equal in power of production to the alluvium of Illinois and Missouri, Bismarck would not now be exhibiting the remarkable spectacle of the great imperial chancellor imposing a duty upon food, to protect her exhausted farms from the competition of Iowa wheat.

Were the hillsides of Normandy covered with the black loam of Kansas and Nebraska, France would not now be crying out against the invasion of American breadstuffs.

A few years ago when it cost five or six cents a ton per mile during the greater part of the year to transport wheat and corn and pork and beef from your farms to the seaboard, the self-contained statesmen of Europe hardly knew of your existence. They put their noble fingers all over the map when looking for Chicago or St. Louis. They have found them now. When the products of your farms are carried to the seaboard by rail, for less than one cent a ton per mile, and whole fleets enter the harbors of Europe, laden with everything that supports mankind, the political economists of the monarchies suddenly awake to the fact of your being, and have to admit that you are large factors in the happiness of their citizens.

Wonderful to relate, they are even taking down their long-shelved industrial creeds, and threatening to revise the supposed postulates of their political economy, by levying a duty upon the food they cannot themselves supply. The American steer is goring the life out of the French ministry, and the sleep of the great Bismarck is disturbed by the grunt of the American hog. Yet, within the lifetime of men before me, all of the States represented here to-day were a wilderness—a beautiful, glorious wilderness, it is true. A very wilderness of beauty they must have been, of prairie and river, and wood and lake, peopled only by the Indian and the buffalo.

It was only in 1763 that France ceded Illinois to England, and twenty years later that we conquered it from Great Britain. It was not organized as a separate territory till 1809, and did not become a State till 1818. That is only a little over sixty years, and within the memory

of some of you here. Now, not in the spirit of boasting (which would be utterly unbecoming in a citizen of Chicago, as you know), but as most impressively exhibiting the rapid growth of the country, I may be allowed to mention a few facts. Born, as you have seen, near a half century after the Declaration of Independence, yet Illinois has a larger area in cultivation than all the farms of England and Wales combined, and in improved agricultural extent, leads all her sister States, as well as in the value of her products of field and farm. Again, in railroads, that most valuable achievement of modern invention, and about the most reliable index of material prosperity, she stands at the head. And here let me say, that having long since severed all connection with railroads and become a farmer in four states, I have been led to look into the question of transportation from the Mississippi valley to the sea board, and reached these conclusions:

First. That the farmers in the States represented here to-day and those adjacent pay less per ton per mile for moving their beef and pork and grain to market than any other farmers in the world. I can well remember when wheat at the sea board was worth one dollar and twenty-five cents a bushel, and only three cents at the Illinois farm, and when it cost 300 bushels of good winter wheat to buy a Sunday coat.

Second. It is because railroad transportation is cheaper here than any where else in the world that this great valley, though over a thousand miles from the sea board and over four thousand miles from Liverpool, is able to control the markets of the world and has made such wonderfully rapid growth.

Again, in the amount of internal revenue paid for the support of the general government, Illinois stands first. Her woods are limited, but not her fuel, for she possesses a much larger amount of coal lands than either England or Pennsylvania (which we are holding for a better price). But further, in manufactured products, only three States excel her. And what is more to be proud of, as an evidence of commercial intelligence and thrift, is the fact that only in two other states are there so many letters distributed and so much postage paid. Still better, my fellow suckers, is the fact, which I mention with special pride, that only in two other States are there so many schools and so many children in school. But best of all and affording the highest evidence of our intellectual advancement, I think that we, the immediate successors of the Sioux and the Pottawatomies, have a right to boast of the fact that, except New York, which contains the business metropolis of the United States, Illinois stands first in the number of newspapers published and read by her citizens.

Now, I want to whisper to you, (so nobody from St. Louis shall hear it) another fact, that over there across the river, in that infant commonwealth, and on the very ground that was an Indian trading post when

some of you were grown, is a city which as a distributing center of agricultural product, excels all the cities of the world, ancient or modern, the aggregate of whose yearly business is over seven hundred million dollars. A city that fixes the price of wheat and corn, beef and pork and lard for the whole world, yesterday a hamlet; to-day a commercial capital covering more than fifty square miles, containing, including its suburbs, seven hundred thousand inhabitants; a city whose yearly lumber trade alone would freight a train of cars eighteen hundred miles in length. And the hogs yearly killed there, in single file, would reach a quarter way around the globe; in whose port over twelve thousand vessels yearly enter; a city which in a word is the largest grain market in the world, the largest beef and pork market in the world, the largest lumber market in the world, and I may add, whose commercial achievements are only equalled by the modesty of her citizens.

In all this wonderful progress Iowa and Missouri have been the rivals of Illinois. In rapidity of development Iowa has even surpassed Illinois. Had Missouri all the time been a free State, and an inviting field for New England enterprise and energy, her progress already so remarkable, would have been no less wonderful than that of her sister States, possessing as she does resources beyond computation. When we contemplate this astonishing progress, how our incredulous minds turn back to verify for themselves this almost fabulous chapter in American history, and to try to discover the succession of events that have produced these phenomenal results. They are your work, my fellow-citizens of the Valley of the Mississippi.

I see before me here to-day, the survivors of the men to whose innate love of liberty, the commonwealth of Illinois is indebted that the foot of the slave never trod on her soil, and in her early history, resisting the encroachments of the slave power, and repudiating any compromise of the freedom guaranteed by the ordinance of 1787, she always remained a free State, and in the end gave to the Union the President who freed all the States; and the general, who in defense of freedom, commanded and conquered armies greater than Marlborough or Napoleon ever saw. I may not stop to call the roll of the illustrious dead whose name illumine the history of these States.

Many, ah, how many are not here to-day, some whom we know so well, to mingle their congratulations with ours as we contemplate the glorious accomplishment of their toil and sacrifices; they sleep well. If, indeed, it be permitted to mortals in the dim hereafter to visit the scene of their labors here below, then are they with us here to-day, and you spirit band of the pioneers of the Mississippi valley, you we welcome to this reunion.

Hail, ye noble shades! the forms that once ye wore, how hallow every part of his broad land. Our grateful memories shall be your endear-

ing monument, and your influence shall ever dwell among us, to inspire us and those who shall come after us, to imitate your examples and transmit to our children's children the glorious heritage you have bequeathed to us.

You who survive, heroes of peace ! the infant shall lisp the Illiad of your deeds ; and youth and manhood, as the years go by, shall tell the simple story of your brave, earnest, fruitful lives. To you I bring the silent blessings, the prayer-benediction of a million hearts. I speak their glad, their sad acclaim, who bid you hail and farewell.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH BY JUSTICE SAMUEL F. MILLER.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is something of a surprise to me that I should be called upon to address you to-day. I hardly know in what character I am called upon to address you on this occasion. I am not, in one sense of the word, an old settler. I am not, as you can see by my ruddy cheeks, an old man. Here are my friends, Mr. Merriam and Mr. Bridgman. I do not believe they would subject themselves to cross questions on that subject concerning their own age. Whatever may be the motive that has induced the presiding officer of this meeting to present me to you in the kind terms in which he has done, and whatever may be expected of me, I can say one thing, and that is, if an earnest, hearty, co-operative feeling for that which this meeting is called to represent, can qualify a man to speak to it, I have that qualification. Although not an early settler here or in this part of the country whatever I may have achieved in this country as judge and jurist, is due to this people—to the early and unflinching support of my neighbors and friends in the city of Keokuk. There are many reposing in the opposite part of the city, and my memory calls them forth as the friends that held my arms and hands in the days that are past. Eloquent young men have addressed you with regard to Illinois and Iowa as two of the tri-partite old-settler States engaged in this demonstration. I claim to be identified with Iowa and expect to die a citizen of Iowa, and if I speak of Iowa as she stands in my estimation, and in the estimation of our sister States, I do not know that I shall infringe upon any anybody's patience. Her fifty thousand square miles of soil is capable of more cultivation than any other fifty thousand square miles in any sub-division of the globe. Her soil is productive beyond precedent, and is cultivated by a people of energy, industry, and moral health. She has no great cities like Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati or Milwaukee, and I doubt not that she is all the better for it. Her towns, which we call cities by courtesy and by statute, are merely the commercial and trading necessities of the community. I will endeavor to present to you what has often presented itself to my mind's eye. This wonderful State of Iowa, with her fine fields of agriculture, her healthy atmosphere, sub-divided by little rivers which carry off

the miasmas of the country—a country which might have been the Garden of Eden if its beauty and charm be evidence of the fact—this wonderful State of Iowa never had the foot of a slave tread its soil. Noble freemen have broken up that soil and established its institutions of religion and education—an educational system unsurpassed by any in the world. The people were brought from the moral fields of New England, interspersed with the vigor, of the people of Missouri and Kentucky. Iowa sent more soldiers to the war for its population, than any State in the Union. It is this people that I am proud of, and it is a happiness to me to express it to-day. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your attention.

Messrs. C. F. Davis, James Lapsey and Thomas C. Sharpe, were appointed a committee by the President to recommend an Executive Committee and officers for the ensuing year.

Recess for dinner.

AFTERNOON.

Music by Keokuk Military Band—"Academy Waltzes."

PRAYER BY REV. WM. SALTER, D. D.

Our Father which art in heaven,—we hallow Thy name; from Thee we have proceeded; Thou art the maker of heaven and earth; Thou hast given us our dwelling place in a goodly land. We thank Thee for Thy favor to those who in other days, laid the foundation of our civilization. Commend thy blessings upon the old settlers of these three States that are here to-day to recognize Thy great goodness to them. Fill them more and more with the wealth and reward of industry, intelligence virtue and moral order, and with the great salvation and the beauty of holiness. Let thy blessing rest upon Thy whole beloved country; bind us together with the sure cement of Divine love. May we live on earth as becomes the children of God; and may Thy blessings rest upon all mankind, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH BY HON. A. G. ADAMS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Your chairman in introducing me has intimated a most pleasant entertainment in alluding to my having seen the Hodges hung. Unfortunately for the history of that early affair, I cannot relate it. I was there and went to see the execution, but when I saw the glittering blade of the new hatchet brought for the occasion, I turned my hack, and you cannot prove by me that the Hodges were hung at all. [Laughter.] Having been notified that I should be expected to address you, I wrote out a few thoughts yesterday, which I will now read, and if I had something to put before me, you could not see them. [Laughter.]

I have attended State and county old settlers' meetings, and in some instances I have been allowed the privilege of inflicting upon the old settlers a few desultory remarks, but this is the first time I ever tackled a triple-headed old settlers' celebration. [Laughter.] Knowing the insatiable appetite that old settlers have for fun and frolic, I wonder that even generous and hospitable Keokuk has had the temerity to bring together and take care of so many who are only in the pursuit of enjoyment. But Keokuk has demonstrated her ability to manage big things with the same facility that other places run town meetings; she enforces prohibition with the same ease to-day that she controlled the rapids, roustabouts and whisky saloons on the levee forty-five years ago. [Applause and laughter.] What a change in forty-five years! She has furnished more great men for government positions within the last fifteen years than

any other city of her size in the United States, and happily none that the country need be ashamed of. Her reputation for being liberal, kind and free-hearted is well known, the only objection to her is that she will take everything that is in sight. [Laughter.] And I see that she has taken some of the old settlers to-day. How pleasant it is that every locality has its old settlers, that belong to it exclusively; that fact keeps them at home. You can't use an Iowa old settler in that capacity to any advantage in any other State; the nearest to a cosmopolitan old settlers' organization is inaugurated here to-day, but this is limited only to three States.

These celebrations are full of pleasure to us old settlers. We feel our value and importance. Speeches are made, filled with our praise; tell of our sacrifices; of the many trials we have passed through; of our lack of comforts, and all other styles of martyrdom, for the sole purpose of settling and developing this fair land for coming generations. This is all a mistake. We came here for selfish purposes. I came because my parents brought me. [Laughter.] Others came because their credit was impaired in the community of which they lived. [Laughter.] Others to get cheap land; others because they had married a girl in opposition to her parents' wishes. [Laughter.] Others because they wanted more elbow room. Others because the grand jury wanted to see them on particular business. [Laughter.] We all came to better our condition, but if the young settlers want to flatter us, pile it up mountains high. We can stand it. To-day we are the observed of all observers. If we came in 1839 or 1840, we strut around and put on airs when we meet those who were so unfortunate as to delay their coming a few years later, and the few years later assume superiority over the younger pilgrims; but we are all like Capt. Scott's coon—we come down when an 1833 or 1834 heaves in sight. They are the grand sachems of the old settlers.

The old-timers enjoyed themselves as much as we do now. They bought dressed quails at twenty-five cents per dozen, good flour at two dollars per barrel, and venison at one dollar per saddle. Pork packers would give them all the tenderloins and spareribs they wanted; whisky fifteen cents per gallon—a much-needed article to mix with quinine and for “log-raisins” and harvest fields—in fact lots of other fun, gratis. Now it requires a plethoric pocket-book to obtain these luxuries. Then dances were as good with one fiddle as now with a full orchestra. [Laughter.] Then they walked to the little social gatherings and enjoyed carrying the girls over the mud-holes as much as you do five-dollar carriage transportation now. [Laughter.] Then they had delightful Indian summers, which the Indians took away with them. The only cards they used were for playing euchre. They did not require visiting cards with cabalistic letters, and knew no more about them than Senator McCreary,

of Kentucky, who, after being called upon by a foppish young constituent, who had just returned from Paris, and afterward met in the street, said: "I received your card the other day. I recognized your father's name, which is the same as yours, and that you are his son, but what does that E. P. mean on the corner of the card you left?" "Why, Senator," replied the young Parisian dude, "it is customary in Paris to write the initials of certain words in leaving cards. For instance, if I had been going away I should have written P. P. C., the initials of *pour pondre conge*, 'to take leave.' As it was, leaving it myself, I wrote E. P., the initials of *en personne*, 'in person.' " "Oh," said the Senator, "I understand." A week or two afterward the two met again. The young man said: "Senator, I received your card, but I could not comprehend what the letters S. B. A. N. meant in the corner. Pray interpret them." "With pleasure," said McCreary, his eyes twinkling with humor; "S. B. A. N. are the initials of 'sent by a nigger.'" [Laughter and applause.] In old settlers' days that would be a joke on the young man, now the joke would be on the Senator.

My time being limited to five minutes, I should like to get even with my friend C. F. Davis, who said on the occasion of the sem-centennial celebration in Burlington, that I resembled Black Hawk, except in one particular—that Black Hawk had a scalp lock and that I had a good place for one. [Laughter.] Don't you think that unkind? But I will say for him that of all the Indians I know in Keokuk that he is the biggest. [Applause.]

ORATION OF THE HON. WILLIAM HATCH.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I consider it an honor to be called upon to address the representatives of three great States, assembled under the call of this organization. I believe in these reunions. I am always glad to attend them; and you, Mr. President have struck the key note that ought to go home with every one of us to-day—that whilst many of these reunions may occur, whilst old settler reunions in these three, and in all of the States, may happen from year to year, the time is rapidly approaching when the *first settler, the pioneer*, will be gone from among us forever.

Much of the labor that might have devolved upon me during this address I have been relieved of by the admirable speeches made in the forenoon by the representatives of the three States. To one of the honored citizens of that great State of Missouri, a former citizen of Iowa, whom you all delight to honor, General John W. Noble, I desire to tender my thanks in the presence of his old neighbors and friends for words of eloquence, candor, truth and courage. To the distinguished representative, Judge Strong, who has spoken in behalf of Illinois, am I also indebted, and desire to extend to him my warmest congratulations; but

before I forget it, in the name of the old settlers of the three great agricultural States, whose capacities have been so eloquently discussed to-day—in the name of Iowa, of Illinois and of Missouri, I call upon him to make good the statement that he made to-day, that the great commercial city of Chicago “fixes the price of your commodities;” that Chicago “fixes the value of wheat, pork and corn;” and let me beg him when he goes back to his city to keep the price of corn up to ninety cents, the price it reached day before yesterday. I have learned something to-day that has done my heart good, for I am a farmer. I am interested in the price of agricultural products, and whilst wheat is down to seventy cents, I thank God corn is up to ninety cents.

My friends, your committee, in the organization of this reunion, has called together the representatives of an empire. It requires stretch of the imagination to take in the few figures I will give you of the three great States whose enterprise and prosperity, and wonderful wealth, have become so well known in this country as well as Europe. Iowa was organized as a territory July 4th, 1838, admitted as a State March 3rd, 1845, readmitted with enlarged boundaries December 28th, 1846, comprising under the last readmission her present territory of 55,475 square miles. Her population in 1860 was 674,913; in 1870, 1,194,020; in 1880, 1,624,615. By the last census her manufactures had grown to 6921 establishments with a capital of \$33,987,886.00. The products amounted in value to \$71,045,926.00. Of her agricultural products, I would simply tire you to repeat them. As Justice Miller say “they are almost beyond computation.” The fertility of your soil, the wealth of your products, are known throughout the land, and not only in this country, but throughout the entire civilized world. I will not repeat all the statistics given you to-day, but let me call your attention to the number of her public schools. Under the last census there were 12,635 elementary and high schools, 11,148 school buildings and the total value of her school property \$9,460,775 00. Her assessed valuation in real estate was \$297,254,342.00; personal property, \$101,416,909.00; total, \$398,971,251.00. The growth of this wonderful young State is almost equal to the story of Aladin’s Lamp.

Missouri was organized as a territory in 1812; admitted as a State August 10th, 1821, with an area of 68,735 square miles. Her population in 1860 was 1,181,012; in 1870, 1,721,295; in 1880, 2,168,380. The number of her manufacturing establishments is 8,592, employing a capital of \$72,507,844.00. The value of her products was \$165,386,205.00. The number of her schools was 10,329; school buildings, 8,252; and the total value of her school property, \$7,810,924.00. The value of her real estate is \$381,985,112.00; personal property, \$150,810,689; making a total of \$532,795,801.00.

Illinois was organized as a territory March 1st, 1809, admitted as a State December 3rd, 1818, with a territory comprising 56,000 square miles, and a population in 1860 of 1,711,951; in 1870, 2,539,891; in 1880, 3,077,871. The number of her manufacturing establishments was 14,549, employing a capital of \$140,652,066; the value of their products \$414,864,673. The number of her public schools 15,203; school buildings, 11,880 total value of school property, \$15,876,572.00. Her assessed valuation of real estate was \$575,441,053; personal property, \$211,175,341.00; total, \$786,616,394.00.

Now my friends, I have given you these figures for a purpose. I want to group some of them together. These three States comprise an area of 180,210 square miles. I want some of the young men to take these figures home with them. 180,210 square miles of territory is two and one-half times as large as the six New England States, which only comprise 66,465 square miles; nearly twice as large as the three great States, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; almost equal in extent to the great German Empire with 208,624 square miles; one and one-half times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, with 121,571 square miles; more than half as large as the thirteen original states which only contain 325,065 square miles. Now my friends, this is an empire—an empire so vast that it requires a stretch of imagination to take it all in one day. These few figures I have given you show the growth of these three grand States lying in the basis of the Mississippi valley within the last thirty years. Look, if you please, to the future. What will they be thirty years to come. I predict to-day that in less than thirty years the seat of empire, commercial and political, in the United States, will have been transferred from the three great eastern States, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, to the three great States of the Mississippi valley that we people celebrate to-day. I can add nothing to what has been said of the great progress and wealth of these States, but my friends, is this all that is involved in this celebrations. Are we here to-day, Mr. President, simply to tell these people of the facts and figures of our material wealth that is taught every day in our school houses? or are we here to give to the young some lessons that they may take home with them, and that in years to come will produce fruit as rich as that which comes from the inexhaustible soil of these great States? I believe in honoring these occasions. It gives me pleasure to meet the old men and women of the land. I love them. I was taught when a child that the only commandment of the ten, that came down amid the lightnings and thunders of heaven, that had a specific promise attached to it was the one "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee." We have been taught to love and reverence the pioneers and old settlers of the land, but we have another duty to perform, and that is, whilst we are paying homage to them, to teach those who are to follow us

in this path of progress and civilization, that wealth of the soil is not all we are proud of. My friends, go back to the days of your ancestors and mine, the men who settled upon the inhospitable shores of New England. Was it the wealth of that soil that attracted the people? No. It was the love of liberty and a determination to found a government that should last as long as time endures. Why, my friends, I have often thought that if in the providence of God, the first settlers of this country could have landed on Illinois, Missouri or Iowa, New England would be a wilderness to-day. There was nothing in her soil to attract immigration. It was simply a home of a race of men who wished to found in this country a government that should perpetuate civil and religious liberty.

I believe, under our system of government, in great political parties.. I believe that the perpetuity of our institutions to a great extent depends upon the organization and maintenance of the great political parties in this country. I would not undertake to proselyte all those who differ from me. My friends, I hope never to see the day in this country when the people shall be banded in one political organization. I do not believe that the church of God itself could stand for half a century if it were banded together in one organization. The highest evidences, to my mind, of the divinity of the Bible, is the fact that all men, of all grades of intellectual power, can find in that Bible the evidences of their salvation, their hope and their eternal life; and I do not want to see the day when this country will not have more than one great political party, organized upon great principles of government, and zealously contending for position and control of the government; the party out of power acting as a check upon the one in power. But there are a few great cardinal principles of government that underlie all parties. I propose for a few moments to go back to the days, the primitive days of the pioneers when the immoral writer of that Declaration of Independence stated what he believed to be a model of government. I have never found an audience yet in any portion of the United States that would not listen with interest to the reading of the few words that I will read to you now. Then, as now, the wealth of the country was being extolled; the fertility of our soil; our advancing manufacturers; all this was an object of pride to the people.

"Kindly separated by nature, and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe, too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others, possessing a chosen country with room enough for our descendants to the hundredth thousandth generation, entertaining a due sense of our equal rights, to the use of our own facilities, to the acquisitions of our industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting, not from birth, but from our actions, and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practiced in various forms, yet all of them including honesty, truth,

temperance, gratitude and the love of man ; acknowledging and adorning an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter ; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people ? Still, one thing more fellow-citizens, a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, which shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities."

"About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper that you should understand what I deem essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principles, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political ; peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none ; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies ; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad ; a jealous care of the right of election by the people ; a mild and safe correction of abuses which are lopped off by the sword of revolution, when peaceable remedies are unprovided ; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority—the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism ; a well disciplined militia our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them ; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority ; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened ; an honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith ; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid ; the diffusion of information and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason ; freedom of religion ; freedom of the press ; freedom of person under the protection of the *habeas corpus* ; and trials by juries impartially selected—these principles from the bright constitution which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reform. The wisdom of our sages and the blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith—the text of civil instruction—the touch-stone to try the service of those we trust ; and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety !"

The preservation, my fellow citizens, of such a government, is the highest duty of American citizenship. You, the sovereigns of the land, have conferred upon you that constitutional right which no power can take from you—the right of the ballot; and it is for you to say whether this, the greatest blessing of this constitutional government, shall in the purity it was handed to you be transmitted to your posterity. You can transmit your estate, all your material wealth, by will or by the statute law of the State in which you reside, but you can transmit the priceless legacy of a pure and beneficent republican government only by inculcating into the minds and hearts of your children an intelligent appreciation of this form of government, and an ardent, patriotic determination to preserve it in its purity and strength at any cost and at all hazards.

I am not, in many senses, an old settler in Missouri, and if I were to go back to my native county in Kentucky, I do not know that I would be ranked as a very old settler there; but I have lived long enough to have some reminiscences of the past, and there is one that occurs to me to-day that I want to put on record. I was a law student in the office of Squire Turner, of Richmond, Kentucky, one of the great lawyers of Kentucky; a good man, and as you (addressing Judge Miller) and I know, one of the best friends a struggling young man ever had in the world. I entered his office in 1851, and after receiving from him a well-worn copy of Blackstone, which I thumbed over a good many weeks, and after reading it through carried it to him with a good deal of pride, I asked him what I should read next. "Blackstone," said he; and he made me read it through a second time; and during that period he told me of a young man that he had persuaded to leave the profession of medicine and study law. He said, "I loaned him this old copy of Blackstone and begged him to read it." That was Dr. Samuel F. Miller. [Applause.] I have never forgotten the prophecy of that old man when he told me during the days of my tutelage that of all the young men that he had ever come in contact with, either in his office or at the bar, that Samuel F. Miller was the best natural lawyer that he had ever seen; and said he, "I will pass away and be forgotten, but you will live to see the day when he will adorn the bar and the bench as but few men have done." In verification of this prophecy, I am glad to-day of the opportunity to read an extract from one of the late decisions, which in my opinion, will live as long as the ablest of the decrees and opinions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Said Mr. Justice Miller in one of his recent decisions upholding the rights of the people against the encroachments of the legislative power:

"It must be conceded that there are rights in every free government beyond the control of the State. A government which recognizes no such rights, which held the lives, the liberty, and the property of its citi-

zens subject at all times to the absolute disposition and unbounded control of even the most democratic depository of power, is after all but a despotism. It is true it is a despotism of the many, of the majority, if you choose to call it so, but it is none the less a despotism.

"The theory of our government, State and National, is opposed to the deposit of unlimited power anywhere. The executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches of these governments are all of limited and defined powers.

"There are limitations of such powers which grow out of the essential nature of all free governments, without which implied reservations of individual rights, without which the social compact could not exist, which are respected by all governments entitled to the name."

And now, my friends, I can only add in conclusion, that in honoring the pioneers, in honoring the early settlers of these great States, in looking with just pride at their magnificent territory and its wonderful capacities, I beg and pray you not to forget the lessons that your fathers taught you and that have come down to you through three generations, to cherish a love and admiration—aye, devotion—to your form of government and determine that no party spirit or party zeal shall ever induce you as American citizens to swerve from that higher and grander duty which you owe to your posterity, namely, to transmit to them that priceless legacy, a free and great republican government.

I thank you, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, my fellow-citizens, for your gracious attention.

MUSIC—THE PROUD HAWKEYE STATE.

[Written for the Committee by Richard B. B. Wood.]

We will sing a song of greeting
While a happy day is fleeting,
At this grand Old Settlers' meeting,
And we'll make the air resound.

CHORUS.

We are all Old Settlers,
We are all Old Settlers,
We are all Old Settlers,
Of the proud Hawkeye State.

We have brothers here to meet us,
We have sisters here to greet us,
And there's nothing to defeat us,
In the joy that we feel.
We are all Old Settlers, &c.

They were long and tedious hours,
When we sought these western bowers,

Grown with rude uncultured flowers
 In that long time ago.
 We are all Old Settlers &c.

Now this happy land is beaming,
 Bright as angels that are dreaming,
 With the harvest that is teeming,
 On our own Hawkeye soil.
 We are all Old Settlers &c.

Old Missouri stands before us,
 Illinois swells the chorus,
 While the sky is beaming o'er us,
 And our fair western homes.
 We are all Old Settlers, &c.

Then three cheers, and all together,
 For the Tri-State now and ever—
 Our old hearts there's none can sever,
 'Neath the bright shining sun.
 We are all Old Settlers, &c.

ADDRESS OF CAPT. JAS. W. CAMPBELL.

MR. PRESIDENT AND OLD SETTLERS OF ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND IOWA:—Blackstone, the great English legal authority, has immortalized the words, *lex scripta lex non scripta* (the written and the unwritten law) and could the unwritten pages of history be opened up to-day, the world would be startled at the showing.

And my friends, we have met here to-day to celebrate our first Tri-State reunion, and as I have been a citizen of all three states in the days of yore, I am proud of the privilege accorded me on this important occasion, as it will be an era long to be remembered by our descendants.

Pioneers of Missouri, I desire to address you first, as Lewis county is my birthplace, and my father came to Missouri in 1820, in the employ of Maj. Kenney, who located a short distance up the Wycondah, for the purpose of erecting a mill. My father's first acquaintance on stepping on shore at the mouth of the Wycondah was two cub bears, as he was going to Bullock's, two miles above, for milk.

In 1823 he united in marriage with Miss Sarah White, my mother, and settled on the North Fabius, on land now owned by John Taylor. It was here in the wilderness, in our log cabin home, that I first beheld the light of day. I have no recollection of it now, for when my parents departed from it, I was still in the vigor of my infancy, and was what our nearest neighbor called a "pe-tete," a pappoose.

But in after years, from hearsay, I learned to lisp the names of Lucian and Chauncy Durkie, Dr. Frazier, Moses D. Bates, Trotter,

Bosier, and Findley, who resided near us, and if any of their descendants are here to-day among us, in celebrating our first Tri-State Old Settlers' reunion, I will be glad to shake them by the hand before we part, as my father's acquaintance in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

My father sold his farm to Dr. Frazier and embarked in two Indian canoes, lashed together, and floated down the Fabius to its mouth, and on his journey up the Mississippi river passed the following settlements: John Woods', now Quincy; Jacob Weavers, at Weavers' Prairie, adjoining La Grange, Missouri, on the south; Bullock's, two miles or more above the mouth of the Wycondah; Captain Prichard's, now the lower part of Canton, Missouri; Myers', at Cottonwood prairie, now Tulley; Hugh White's, at Rocky Point, on opposite side in Illinois; and at what is now Warsaw he passed the remains of a stockade called Fort Johnson, situated on top of the highest part of the bluff in Illinois, and opposite and below the mouth of the Des Moines. In 1821, by direction of Major Maston, my father tore down the first and only house at the mouth of the Des Moines and floated the puncheon floor across the river to be used in the fort on the bluff.

At Puck-e-she-tuck, now Keokuk, he passed Dr. Muirs' cabin. The Clyde hotel now occupies the ground on which it stood. One and a half miles above he passed Andrew Stautamout's, at Spring Chain, situated but a few rods from where Rand Park now is, on the bluff above this beautiful city. Joseph Charpoukey was settled on the Illinois side of the river between the first and second chain of rocks. John Waggoner was an English point, two and a half miles farther up, now called Diamond Valley. This name was given to the branch that enters the river above the Waggoner residence, by Charles Catlin, the naturalist, in 1835, while being engaged in collecting geodes for his museum in New York City. The original name, English Point, comes from the fact that a battle was fought in that locality between the French and English, possibly prior to 1803. Isaac N. Waggoner found in the river in front of his house, in 1827, a sword which was supposed to have been lost at the time of the engagement.

The next settlement was on the west side of the river, by LeMolise, a French trader, now known as Sandusky. A short distance above, on an eminence, stood Maurice Blondeau's residence, near the present concrete building erected several years ago by Judge Ballinger.

On the fifth day of our voyage we arrived at Old Quash-qua-me's old deserted village. In October, 1825, my father at once occupied a log cabin on a claim he had purchased of Hugh Wilson, embracing the upper part of the present site of Nauvoo, Illinois. This land is now owned in part by P. Kimball. Thus you learn, pioneers of Hancock that I lived with you when your present county was called Adams district.

It was first with you that impressions of animated nature were painted on the panorama of my mind. I see now the picture of the past, the interior of a log house chinked with chips and daubed with mud, with a clapboard door, and when it was opened, shaved heads with painted faces, red and green blankets, beads and brass rings, appeared before me. Even good old Nau-o-qua, my mother's Indian maid, rises up before me with mop-stick in hand, aiding my mother in the discharge of her household cares.

As I had at this time arrived at an age when I became a personal observer, and have heretofore only depicted to you the recollections of my father, I deem it advisable, before I describe what I have seen, that I add to this narrative, to make it more perfect, the tales of my grandfather, Capt. James White, who purchased from Julian, an Indian trader, in 1819, his claim and trading house, situated at the head of the lower rapids, on the east side of the Mississippi river, and extending one and a half miles above and below the trading house, and one and a half miles back to the top of the bluff, all in Madison county, Illinois, embracing all of that beautiful promontory once covered with the houses of 12,000 Latter Day Saints. Julian represented his title to be a Spanish grant, and conveyed it as such to Captain James White, who felt secure in holding his purchase and agreed with Julian that he could remain until the country began to be settled, but during this interval the trading house burned and Julian departed. Captain White erected a double log cabin a few feet above his trading house in 1823, and began at once preparing the way to occupy his new home, but before doing so it became necessary to get Quash-quame to vacate his village, which occupied the promontory with near a thousand lodges. This he accomplished by giving old Quash-quame a little sku-ti-apo and two thousand bushels of corn, which his sons, Alexander and Hugh White, with Newton Price and Clinton Waggoner, boated up in Mackinaw boats from his farm on the North Fabius, Missouri, Quash-quame's band crossed over the river to Wapello's village, (now Montrose), and in the spring of 1824 Alexander and Hugh White, with two sisters, occupied the double log cabin erected the year previous, and in 1826 the ballance of the White family followed. My grandfather at this time began to entertain doubts as to the validity of his Spanish title, and to make sure of holding it, he got up what "land sharks" call a corner, by sub-dividing his grant and locating his sons as follows: Alexander on the north next to my father; Hugh on the south and William on the east, occupying the center himself, thereby covering the whole promontory. Being well supported on all sides by his own family, he was ready for any emergency, and if Spanish grants failed, pre-emption would not; and by pre-emption our family cornered the present site of Nauvoo.

The old stone house at the ferry landing (now owned by Dundee) superseded the log house. The mason work was begun by John Waggoner in 1827 and finished the next year; and whilst he was engaged in laying the stone, when half way up the second story, the boys one day while he was at dinner, stole his pint flask of whisky, and laying it in the wall placed a stone over it and pointed it up. Uncle Johnny after dinner continued his work but missed his bottle, and never knew until the house was finished what had become of it. It is there now and will remain while the house stands.

This stone house was the first one erected in Hancock county, and the first courts in the county were held in it, and it was also used as a fort at the commencement of the Blackhawk war. The denizens of upper Yellow Banks (now New Boston, Ill.) together with Spellman of Pontosac, and Edward White of Appanoose, sought refuge in it. It was well protected, as Captain White raised several hundred men and drilled them daily, to be in readiness for the attack, but Blackhawk never came. He either considered discretion the better part of valor, or his friendship for Wit-we-au (Captain White) kept him aloof. They had met years before this as foes at the sink holes near Quiver river, Lincoln county, Missouri, at which place, after Calloway was killed, Captain White took command and drove Blackhawk across the river near Cap au Gris, killing a lumber of his braves while they were crossing.

While court was held at the stone house several of the county officers boarded at our house. Wesley Williams was clerk of the court and Edison Whitney sheriff, and their little daughters, Eunice and Chloe, were the first girls I played with.

Our first school district extended six miles up and down the river. Wesley Williams, George Y. Cutler and my father were the first trustees. Our log school house stood back on the bluff near a spring, less than one hundred yards from where the Mormon temple was built. It was called Gouge's school house, as he owned the lane adjacent. Our first teachers were Chauncy and John Robinson, and in 1829 came John M. Forest, whose certificate of competency, issued by the trustees, is now held by your Old Settlers' Association as a souvenir of the past. Your first preacher was Mr. Robinson; your first constable and county treasurer was my father.

The names of your pioneers that I have known personally were Vance, Flint, Burkelow, Robinson, White, Wilson, Gouge, Dunn, Dewey, Coon, Hibbard, Hildebrand, Williams, Whitney, Cutler, Morrison, Tougate and Atchison; and below were the Moffats, Middletons, Millers, Castoes, and the next in succession on the river came the Montebello settlement. They had aspirations for obtaining the county seat. Whitney built the Montebello house and court was held in it until Carthage became

the permanent county seat. Many of the first settlers of Montebello were of Puritan stock. They rigidly opposed the use of tobacco and ardent spirits, were a strict church going people, and warred against immortality in every form. Their names were as follows: Browns, Felts, Grays, Beadles, Smiths and Steels. Mrs. Beadle was so disgusted with tobacco chewers that she would mop up their tobacco spittle from her puncheon floor in the presence of the aggressor.

I attended a school taught by Miss Marsh in the Montbello house in 1836. I remember Lafayette, Washington, and Johnson Smith, who were prominent pupils in this school. The valedictory, spoken by Lafayette; "The Boy stood on the Burning Deck," by Washington; and "Tall trees from Little Acorns Grow," by Johnson Smith, left lasting impressions on my mind of oratorical greatness; and the closing scenes upon the stage, by Andrew Cochran, when in the character of Fritz James, he killed poor old Roderick Dhu with a flint lock horse pistol, made me cry with anguish to see the poor old fellow shot.

"Through bars of brass and triple steel
They tug, they strain; down, down they go;
The Gaul above, Fitz James below."

I did not then think the Scotch were half so good as our Indians, who used muskrat spears on occasions of this kind.

Below Montebello lived the Johnsons, Gallaghers, Schoonovers, Chaney's, Eubanks, Gordon Legget, Parsonses, Clarks and Hydes, and back from the river the Marshs.

As my time is limited, I will now cross over the river into the Sac and Fox reservation, now a part of Lee county, Iowa. In the winter of 1830-31, I lived at the present site of Nashville and attended a school taught by Berryman Jennings. Captain Galland, who is with us here to-day, was one of my school mates, and so also was James Dedman, now of Alexandria, Missouri. In the spring of 1831 I beheld for the first time the hills of Puck-e-she-tuck, now transformed into the beautiful city of Keokuk. It contained then about ten log houses tenanted by thirty odd persons, composed of Americans, French and half breeds. Outside of this place, on the reservation, there was but seven houses, four at Nashville, one at Blondeau's, one at Lemolise, and one at Spring Chain, all located on the Mississippi river; also one house on the Des Moines, opposite old Fort Pike, (now St. Francisville, Mo.)

Pioneers of Lee County, Iowa, in 1875, I addressed you at your reunion. At that time I related to you a complete history of the half breed era, and I can add but little more to it now, as it was then given to you in full, and others who have followed me since have exhausted every subject matter pertaining to pioneer times; all of which you will find in the history of Lee county. John Gaines was the first civil officer in Keokuk;

he was appointed justice of the peace by Governor Dodge. Geo. Crawford and myself were the first witnesses to testify before him, having seen Alexander Hood knock a stranger down on the beach and rob him of \$500.00. We reported what we had seen and described the locality where he had hid the money under a stone, which was recovered. The stranger left for the lead mines and Hood was reprimanded and allowed to go at large. All legal business, when I first became a resident here, was transacted by Capt. Prichard, of Lewis county, Mo., who was our nearest justice of the peace, we being under the control and subject to the laws of Missouri. Soon after this we became a part of Michigan, and I herewith submit for inspection a legal document written at that time and signed, "John Whitaker, Judge of Probate, Territory of Michigan, Des Moines county, Dec. 31, 1835. Attest: Wm. R. Ross, Clerk." We became next a part of Wisconsin, and finally set up in business for ourselves under the title and cognomen of Lee county, Iowa.

Newcomers of Lee county, I leave it with you to compare the changes from pioneer days up to the present time; "and don't you forget it" there were giants living in those halcyon days; men of mighty will and iron-nerved, and it is your duty now, and ever will be in the future, to speak of them with the greatest veneration and respect. Log cabins, Indians, prairie wolves, scalping knives, tomakawks, and Indian warwhoops should be your song by day and dream at nights, and occasionally you might in a whisper lisp those great names of "Keokuk and Blackhawk;" they might be utilized by using them as a lullaby to waft the infants of coming generations into peaceful slumber. By following these instructions closely you will please the departed shades of the big braves who have gone to the happy hunting grounds; they will smile upon you, and in time send you a commission properly countersigned with the signature of Old Quashqua-me as grand secretary of the departed tribes in space, as an old settler.

From this city, in 1837, I journey westward and across the Des Moines river, and again find myself in the land of my birth-place. A new county has been created from the upper part of Lewis and is called Clark. I behold the old block-house and stockade of Fort Pike, erected in 1832. I learn the names of the boys, who are now the Pioneers of Clark county, and even now, childhood's loved group revisits every scene.

The tangled wood walk
And the tufted green.

It was at St. Francisville where the greater part of my boyhood days were passed, and countless emotions of pleasure arise as I review each loved scene again.

"Home, Home, Sweet Home;" you are dearest spot on all this earth to me. Yet still I linger here, for in yonder lonely graveyard rests my father, the oldest Tri-State Pioneer.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH OF GEN. GEO. W. JONES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I appear very unexpectedly before you to make a few remarks, admonished as I am, by the lateness of the hour and other circumstances. to be brief in what I may say.

I was born, as the President has said, at Vincennes, in the then Territory of Indiana, on the 12th day of April, 1804, at half past ten o'clock in the morning. I was born in a hurry, having been in a hurry ever since, and now in a hurry, and have no doubt but that I shall die in a hurry when my time comes. On one occasion when Mrs. Gov. Wm. H. Harrison and Mrs. Col Hamtranick were on a visit to my mother, one of the ladies said: "Mrs. Jones, don't George know how to walk?" "No," she replied, "for from the moment he was put upon his feet he ran off, and he never walks." I can't even now walk up or down stairs, but go at the rate of two or three steps at a time, you will therefore, I trust, excuse my hurry on the present occasion.

In the month of March 1827, I first saw the small village of Keokuk, when on my way as a passenger, on the steamer Indiana, bound for Galena, the capitol of the "Fever River Lead Mines." I went there more in search of health than for any other purpose. I visited the most of the lead diggings and smelting establishments, and made my claim at Sinsinawa Mound, now in Grant county, Wisconsin, then in the Territory of Michigan, though only six miles east of my present residence, at Dubuque, in this State. I then determined to go into the smelting, mining, farming and mercantile business at Sinsinawa Mound.

In the fall of 1823, Gen. A. Jackson passed through Lexington, Ky., on his way to the Senate of the United States. A magnificent reception was given to him, his wife and niece. He came in his own carriage drawn by four blooded Pacolet horses, driven by a negro, who had by his side on the box a fellow servant, whilst a third negro man was mounted on horseback, as an "avaunt courier" and within that very large closed carriage sat Mrs. Gen. Jackson, by the side of the old hero, with her maid and niece Miss Donelson. The General would occasionally get out of the carriage and ride on the outrider's horse. Such a horseman I never saw before, and the like of him I have never seen since, except perhaps, in the person of my old commander and friend, Gen. Henry Dodge, whose aide de campe I had the honor of being during the Black Hawk war of 1832. A splendid dinner and ball was given to the hero and his family at the Phoenix Hotel, in Lexington, at which I had the pleasure of being a manager on the part of the college students proper, there being managers also on the part of the city, and also of the medical and law departments of the university. I made several visits to Gen. Jackson and his party with my classmate and warm friend Stokely Donelson, an adopted son and protege

of Gen. and Mrs. Jackson. I never met with the General after he left Lexington until about the last day in November, 1835, when I called to see him with my friend Doctor Lewis F. Linn, then a senator in congress from Missouri, who introduced me to him as Col. Jones, the delegate elected to congress from the Territory of Michigan. The General at once said to me: "If you were from Missouri, I would say that I became acquainted with you at Lexington, Kentucky." I replied I am the same man and Stokely's classmate at college. The old chieftain never afterwards addressed me otherwise than as "my son," a term of affection which I appreciated much more highly than if addressed as colonel or delegate to congress.

When I got my bill, creating Wisconsin Territory, through both houses of congress, my two colleagues, (as the delegates then termed each other) Sevier, of Arkansas, afterwards senator in congress from that State and Minister to Mexico, and White, of Florida, a very distinguished lawyer, both told me that I need not expect to see any one of my constituents appointed to either of the twelve or thirteen offices created by that law, as neither of them had ever had any such favor conferred on them or any one of their constituents. I was shocked at such a disclosure and so upon the spot I sat down and wrote a letter to the President, (Gen. Jackson,) claiming the right to have those offices given to my own constituents of the then newly created Territory of Wisconsin, protesting against the appointment of any other than my fellow citizens of the New Territory proper, of Wisconsin, for whose especial benefit those offices were created. I contended that my constituents of Wisconsin, then embracing all of what constitutes the States of Iowa, Minnesota, and all of the country west of Lake Michigan, north of the State of Missouri, and all the intermediate territory to the Pacific Ocean, including Oregon and excluding Michigan which had adopted a State Government, elected her two senators Lyon and Norvell, and her representative Isaac E. Crary, who went to Washington as such when I did, but whose State was not admitted and they allowed to take their seats until December, (first Monday) 1826, when I took my seat in congress as the delegate elected from Wisconsin.

Col. Donelson, the President's adopted son, and his private secretary came to me the next day after I had sent my letter to the President, and said: "Col. Jones, the General wants to see you."

I immediately jumped into a hack (there were no street cars there then) and was driven to the White House, which I entered with fear, trembling like an aspen leaf. I was soon ushered into the Old President's presence, whom I found sitting with his two feet on the table and smoking his corn-cob pipe with his cane stem of about five feet in length. His back was towards me, and as I entered he said: "Walk in, my son—take a seat, my son." "I read your letter, my son, with interest. It does honor

to your head and heart. But my son, it has been the unvarying custom ever since the establishment of the First Territorial Government by Congress to fill the offices therein, by appointments from the States, and not by selecting them from amongst the citizens of the newly created Territory. There is a Governor to be appointed for this New Territory, who is to be Commander in Chief of the Militia of the Territory, will be ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs. Have you, my son, any man in your New Territory who is qualified to fill this great trio in urium office?" Yes! Mr. President, I replied; I have the best man in the U. S. to fill this office—General Henry Dodge. "I don't know any General Dodge," the President replied," looking up to the ceiling of the room. I said I served with him as his aide de camp through the Black Hawk war, which he put an end to. He is now in the Rocky Mountains as the Colonel commanding the first regiment of cavalry—the dragoons, with his confidential friend Jefferson Davis as his adjutant. "Is that the man that you want me to appoint," he replied. "Yes, sir, he is the man that my constituents want as their chief magistrate and commander in case of another Indian war." "You shall have him my son, I care not what my cabinet may say, or what the practice of the government has been. Bring me, my son, a list of the offices created by this act establishing Wisconsin Territory, with the salaries attached to them, and I will give you some of them."

When my old friend General Charles Gratiot informed me that General Jackson was about to veto the bill, making an appropriation of \$75,000 for the removal of the obstructions to the navigation of the Mississippi river, at the Des Moines rapids, I lost not a moment's time in appearing before the Chief Magistrate to prevent, if possible, such actions. I informed the President that that appropriation was made in pursuance of a resolution which I, as the delegate in Congress, introduced for that purpose.

A day or two after my interview with the President, when I walked into the Senate Chamber I was stopped by Mr. Buchanan, then a Senator from Pennsylvania, who called out Messrs. Dr. Linn Walker, of Mississippi, and Clayton, then the chairman of the judiciary committee of that body, afterwards in 1849, made Secretary of State by President Taylor. Mr. Buchanan said let me tell you gentlemen what has happened to me this morning. I called upon my old friend General Jackson to obtain from him the appointment of my friend Wm. Frazer, of Lancaster, to one of the judgeships in this New Territory of Wisconsin, which this young gentleman, Col. Jones, has forced us to establish before Michigan is admitted as a State. What do you suppose General Jackson's reply to my application was? He said, Mr. Buchanan, you must go to the delegate from that Territory. If he will recommend your friend to me I will appoint

nim and not without. I, to whom General Jackson tendered the appointment as his Secretary of State on his accession to the Presidency on the 4th of March, 1829; who have served some twenty years in Congress have got to appeal to this young gentleman for such a favor. Now, Clayton, continued Mr. Buchanan, say a good word to Col. Jones in behalf of my friend and yours, Mr. Frazer. Senator Clayton said, Colonel Jones I have nothing to do with these d——d locofocos (the term then usually applied to the democrats), but I can assure you that Mr. Frazer, with whom I have practiced law in Delaware and Pennsylvania, is one of the best lawyers that I have ever met with. Mr. Buchanan wrote to Mr. Frazer immediately, and in two or three days he brought his friend to see me at my boarding house, at Dawson's, on Capitol Hill. Mr. Frazer dined with me that day. Mr. Frazer, before and at the dinner, declined to taste a drop of any liquor, or even claret or champagne wine, saying he had not tasted any kind of spirits for twenty years. This delighted me as did his conversation. I the next day wrote a note to President Jackson and Mr. Frazer was nominated and unanimously confirmed by the Senate as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court for the Territory of Wisconsin. On his way out to Wisconsin he stopped at Mrs. McArthur's tavern, and being unwell, she prepared a hot brandy sling for him, which he, not knowing its contents, drank as advised to do by Mrs. McArthur, and never after that day breathed another sober breath, but at once got drunk and continued to drink hard until he finally killed himself by hard drink.

The noble hero of the hermitage, President Jackson, permitted me to name every one of the officers appointed for Wisconsin Territory in 1836, but one, and that was Judge David Irvin, of Virginia, who has filled the office of "additional judge" for Michigan Territory; west of the Lake, through the influence of his and General Jackson's friend, Wm. C. Rivers, of Virginia.

In 1820 my father sent me to Lexington, Ky., to college, traveling all the way from St. Louis on horse back through Southern Illinois, the Green river country of Kentucky, and by Frankfort to Lexington, where I was placed under the protection and college guardianship of Henry Clay, with whom I afterwards served in the Congress as Iowa's first Senator elect, the noble and ever to be lamented General Augustus C. Dodge being my colleague. The legislature at its first session, 1847, failed to elect, although Judge Thos. S. Wilson came within one vote of being elected by the joint meeting of the two houses. I was not then a candidate, but was made one at the next session, when I was nominated in the caucus on the third ballot and elected the next day in the joint meeting of the two houses. When elected I was the Surveyor General, at Dubuque, for Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and the balance of the Territory east of the Pacific Ocean. There was no opposition or competition whatever

to the election of General Dodge as Iowa's first Senator. When he and I entered the Senate, at my suggestion, we walked around to the rear of Col. Benton when he seized with his two a hand of each of us and exclaimed, "This is too good, too good, to have two of the sons of two of my oldest and best Missouri friends and constituents to be sent here to serve with me as brother Senators, both of whom I have known from their childhood and both of whom I served whilst they were delegates in Congress. He elevated his voice to such a pitch as to put a stop to the proceedings, the Senate being then in solemn session. My colleague and I were then sworn in, he drawing the short term and I the long. He was, however, again elected by our legislature for a long term, the same legislature being still in session which had elected us on the 7th of December. President Polk on the same day, gave us a precisely similar greeting, at the White House, when we called to see him and saying that there were no two men whom he would rather see come to the Senate than us. We had served in the House with him whilst we were delegates.

When the Black Hawk war commenced, I was engaged in my farming, mining, smelting and merchandising, at Sinsinawa Mound. I erected a block house or fort there at my own expense, armed and provisioned it as I did when I settled there. I am the first man who brought corn meal into the Territory in the shape of two hundred barrels of kiln dried.

Josephine Gregoine, my wife, with whom I fell in love at first sight, on the 29th of September 1825, at Carmelite Bopier's birth night ball. Josephine being then just thirteen years, seven months and twenty-two days old. I married her on her seventeenth birthday, and love her, ladies and gentlemen, this day, better than I did then, so help me God. This splendid gold watch and chain, which you now see, being one amongst many rich, beautiful and valuable tokens of affection with which our friends presented to us on the thrice happy occasion of our golden wedding.

I settled at Sinsinawa Mound in the early spring of 1828, built my log cabin in two days from the stump and slept in it on the second night.

I have never used tobacco in any way, have always been very temperate in my habits, have never been drunk once in my life, and have not been confined to my bed or room by sickness or other cause for upwards of forty years.

My old friend and partner in mining and mercantile business, Hon. Thomas McKnight sent an express to me, at Sinsinawa Mound, announcing the sad news, which had that night came into Galena, that my brother-in-law, Felix de St. Vrain, then U. S. Agent, of the Sac and Fox Indians, at Rock Island, had either been taken prisoner or killed by a war party of some forty Sac, Foxes and Winnebagoes, some twenty or twenty-five miles west of Dixon, Illinois.

I immediately mounted my horse, the "General," and was soon in Galena, but too late, by several hours, to join Capt. Stephenson's horse company, which had put out in all possible speed, in pursuit of the murderous and blood thirsty Indians. I however, notwithstanding, the entreaties of Capt. James May, whom many of you know well and of other friends, not to go off alone, pushed on and overtook the volunteers from Dodgeville, under the valiant Gen. Henry Dodge, and Capt. Stephenson's company some fifteen or twenty miles east of Galena.

We found the remains of three or four of the murdered party and I recognized that of Mr. St. Vrain by his clothes, pocket-book, papers and jet black hair, albeit his head, hands and feet were taken off as was also much of the flesh from his body, as food for the Cannibals, who were almost in a starving condition. His heart, as I was afterwards informed by the Interpretress, Mrs. May Otte, a French women, was also taken out, and when they reached their encampment, where their families were congregated, they cut the heart into small pieces and gave them to their boys to swallow, he to be adjudged the bravest, who would swallow the biggest piece.

I recollect follow-citizens of this Tri-Union how we were told as we came upon the Steamer Indiana, by the wise-acres, that although the shores and the land, particularly on the west side, was beautiful to the eye, that it extended back but for a very few miles of that character, and that all beyond, clear to the Missouri river and beyond, was a barren sandy desert, fit only for the sand hill cranes and the wolves and other wild beasts of the forest. The Indians inculcated this idea, and strange to say, even the Government authorities at Washington City believed their stories, and hence the early settlers in the lead mine regions were not permitted to make farms under "stringent rules and regulations" sent out from the War Department to the Superintendent of the Lead Mines.

My old friend, the God-like Daniel Webster, called me out of the Senate Chamber one day and said to me "Mr. Fillmore has appointed me Secretary of State, and has requested me to make up his cabinet. You and I differ in politics, but I ask you as a personal friend to give me your opinion as to the selection of a proper person to select from the Northwest, as one of Mr. Fillmore's Cabinet." I replied that I would first suggest the name of Henry S. Geyer, of St. Louis; my next choice would be Edward Bates, also of St. Louis; and the third man would be his old friend and brother Congressman, Honorable John Scott, of Ste. Genevieve, Missouri. He left me, going directly to the office and telegraphed to Mr. Geyer, the tender of the appointment, as a member of Mr. Fillmore's Cabinet. Mr. Geyer immediately declined the honor, and then Mr. Webster tendered the appointment by telegraphic dispatch to Hon. Edward Bates, who came to Washington and entered upon the duties of the office. He was in 1861 made Attorney-General of President Lincoln.

That session of Congress proved to be my last as delegate, and solely because of my service as the second of the Hon. Johnathan Cilley in the fatal duel between him and the Hon. W. J. Graves, of Louisville, Kentucky. I made strenuous efforts to put a stop to it after the first and second fires. Although defeated for a re-election by the people I carried all of my bills before Congress, the members of Congress all knowing how I resented a connection with the duel and its unhappy result.

You, Mr. President, will recollect, as doubtless do our many friends, the Rev. Doctor Salter, as must also, our excellent friend and learned, jurist, Hon. John H. Craig, how on the 3rd of last June, in Burlington, my friend, Gen. A. C. Dodge seized me by my hand with his left and slapping me on the breast, with my hand elevated, he said: "here is the man, this is the hand, these are the fingers that drew the law that divided the Territory of Michigan and established the Territory of Wisconsin, which then embraced Iowa, Minnesota, and all of the country north of the State of Missouri, clear to the Pacific Ocean, including all of Oregon and Washington Territories, and the vast intermediate country." Here is the man, (again slapping me on my breast,) this is the hand, and these are the fingers that drew the law which made this, our beautiful and glorious Iowa a separate government on the 4th day of July, after Wisconsin had been created as a district Territory. Here is the man, this is the hand, and these are the fingers which drew the law setting apart six hundred and forty acres of land upon which this, our beautiful City stands, and as were likewise provided for the five other towns of Fort Madison, Bellevue, Dubuque, Peru, Iowa and Mineral Point. in Wisconsin. Here is the man, this is the hand, these are the fingers that drew the law making the first appropriation of money by Congress for the removal of the obstructions to the navigation of the Mississippi river at the Des Moines and Rock River Rapids. Here is the man, this is the hand, these are the fingers that drew the law making appropriations of money by the general government for the purchase of the lands of the Indian tribes which owned the soil of Iowa, and the lands of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, embracing amongst others the vast pine regions of these States." I could and would go on to innumerate other beneficiaries obtained for us by this my old colleague and life-long friend, but that he begs me to desist, and that I have to introduce others who will follow him in addresses.

I allude to this scene because of the honor which that noble friend conferred upon me on that memorable occasion, and because of the profound regret which I, and the people not only of Iowa, and indeed of the whole union of the States feel, because of his absence from amongst us, albeit his pure soul is now in the enjoyment of eternal felicity at the right hand of the throne of Almighty God.

But ladies and gentlemen I must cease to weary you with any further remarks, knowing as I do that others are to follow me who will afford you much more gratification than I can, and especially as I cannot, with truth say, as Col. Thomas H. Benton did to me, when in my presence he was told that his opponents said that he was vain and egotistical. "Damn them George, I have something to be vain and egotistical of, know more than all of them put together." That was in 1852 when we were fellow-passengers going down the Mississippi river on a steamboat. I thank you Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen, for the patient hearing you have given me, on this, the most delightful occasion of the kind that I have ever participated in a lifetime of upwards of eighty years. God bless and prosper you all, I pray.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH OF CAPTAIN WM. HILLHOUSE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Forty-four years ago this present month I landed in Burlington, Iowa Territory. After spending a year among the pioneers in and around Burlington I mounted my horse and started out west. After one day's ride I found myself across the line of civilization, in among the original pioneers of this country—the red men of the forest. The Sac and Fox Indians owned the land through to the Missouri river at that time. I went to the clerk in the Indian trading house, located on the Des Moines river, in the Fox village of old Chief Mish-e-quahmah-quiet or "Hard Fish." Eddyville has taken the place where the Indian village was. In the summer of 1842 I accompanied the Sac and Fox Indians on their annual buffalo hunt, and traversed all through what is now the State of Iowa, and we found great herds of buffalo and elk feeding on the vast prairie of the State, both north and west. Hundreds of them were killed on that hunt, and the meat dried and prepared for winter use. The Indians returned home from the hunt and prepared themselves to meet the agent and government commissioners so as to receive their annual payment. After the payment was over they made a treaty and sold off all their remaining lands to the Missouri river. In the spring of 1843 we moved up to what was called Racoon Forks of Des Moines, now the capital of the State. Keokuk, chief of the Sac tribe, built his village just below the Racoon Forks. I knew the old chief well, and have smoked many a pipe of kinnekinick with him, and many a meal I have eaten in the wick-e-up with the family of that noted old warrior Black Hawk. In the winter of 1843-4, I started out on a collecting tour among the Sac and Fox Indians. It was their custom to leave their villages late in the fall with bag and baggage, and stay out on a hunting and trapping expedition until spring. They would go in squads of from five to ten families and camp and hunt and trap together, scattering all along the Des Moines, Skunk, Cedar and Turkey

rivers. Most of the families would make an account at the trading house before starting on the hunt, payable in furs and pelts on their return in the spring. About the first of December the clerks of the different trading houses would draw off a schedule of individual accounts and strike out to hunt them up and gather in the collections of otter, beaver and deer skins, so as to settle up their indebtedness. We would travel up and down and across each of those rivers mentioned many times through the winter until we would load several ponies packed with furs and pelts taken on account from our customers. We always made it convenient to know where the Indians were camped, as we depended on them for our subsistence, as well as lodgings. We generally made ourselves at home when we entered the wigwams, demanded something to eat and order our ponies taken out to brouse, and generally took choice of the sleeping departments, and were well entertained as long as we visited the camp. In traveling from one stream to another we would find innumerable small lakes which lie glimmering upon the plain. This portion of the country I traversed forty-two years ago, was then the home of the original pioneer, the red men of the Sac and Fox tribes of Indians. Here they lived in their characteristic laziness and savage glory. The woods abounded with game, and the rivers and lakes with fish, and he took them without fear or contention. What is the condition of that beautiful plain to-day, dotted with innumerable cities, checkered with railroads, every quarter section taken for agricultural purposes, fine improved farms, which constitutes the garden spot of the great northwest, second to none in producing fine cattle, big crops of corn, wheat, oats and barley raised by the second class of pioneers and old settlers.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH BY HON. EDWIN MANNING.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS: I am unexpectedly before you as a speaker to-day. Another and abler talker from Van Buren County I had supposed would entertain you on this occasion. His absence is your misfortune and my presence you are desired to tolerate in his stead.

At the kind request of your honorable President, I will briefly submit a few modest claims for the old settlers of Van Buren in her early history. As early as January 7th, 1837, Capt. James Hall and myself were stopping at St. Francisville, Mo. The fame and glory of the half-breed tract doubtless attracted us thither, and before we left I purchased an interest in a claim in said tract. Having formed a favorable opinion of Iowa, I returned and attended the first land sales at Burlington in 1838. Here I witnessed and learned one of the most valuable lessons in western life. The sales were limited to a few of the eastern counties which the early settlers had squatted upon. The settlers' rights were protected and their homes secured.

In the spring of 1839 I ordered a stock of merchandise from New York City via New Orleans. The vessel and goods were lost in the gulf, but as they were insured at 10 per cent. over cost I was not the loser. The stock was duplicated and forwarded immediately and arrived in six weeks. Now for the truth of history, I will give you a few reminiscences following this first importation of goods to Keosauqua.

A young friend of mine just from Boston made favorable overtures to operate my store, and as I was anxious to free myself of personal care, I sold him a half interest, stipulating he should faithfully manage the business and I would supply the stock.

This arrangement was mutually satisfactory while the business was new and popular, but when the stock became older and needed more care my young partner became restless and impatient for a wider field of operation. Accordingly, we mutually divided the stock and each started a new house. My young partner was a genius in his way, and was universally popular with the ladies, and was widely known as a great gallant. I have to-day been forcibly reminded of him in General Jones' interesting reminiscences in his life. Marvelous, grandiloquent powers during his official life at Washington City, the general's life was legitimately political, while that of my young friend was more of a Hebrew, educated in the arts of fancy jewelry traffic and other and greater sensational operations. Suffice it to say my young Bostonian spread his wings and in less than two years planted a dozen stores in southern Iowa. This was easier done than to properly care for them after started.

His next enterprise was flat-boating after the Hoosier style. In this he met with signal failure. His boats were frail, his experience limited, and out of a dozen or more boats freighted with wheat and corn he reached market with only two, and the cargo of those, when unloaded, proved almost worthless.

The end of this visionary display produced an alarm among his creditors and meeting after meeting was held. Finally a compromise was effected and the creditors accepted 37½ cents on the dollar. The young hero again picked his flint and started again. His next grand scheme was in making whisky, and in this, unlike the rest of mankind, he made a success. He took it to the mountains and mines and there he turned it into gold and stock raising, and to-day is a respected and proud millionaire, without wife, chick or child to help him to enjoy it. Who doubts but his early creditors would be thankful for the balance due them? Your speaker is an humble farmer, merchant and small banker, and believes there is more real manhood, happiness and benefit in life with those who pay one hundred cents on the dollar than with those who do not. Integrity is a crowning jewel and blesses all mankind through life who possess it. In the spring of 1841 I supplied the government post at Fort Des.

Moines, delivering supplies from St. Louis by steamboat. This trip posted me in navigation of the Des Moines. But very soon thereafter the Legislature granted mill privileges that unintentionally obstructed navigation of the river. The valley, therefore, was deprived of this great waterway for several years. In the spring of 1851 the productions of the valley had become so great that I was influenced to visit St. Louis and charter a steamboat specially for the Des Moines river. This I did upon my own responsibility and risk. Reaching Keokuk, en route for Eddyville and Des Moines, my valiant Captain Allen with his "Jenny Lind" steamer became discouraged, and I was near failing in the great object I had so earnestly sought, of re-opening navigation between St. Louis and Des Moines. But by the kindly aid of Captain Hine, my old captain resumed his voyage, and we soon arrived at Farmington, where the most serious obstruction existed. Finding it impracticable to jump the mill dam, we very soon improvised a way of opening the lock with the aid of our steamer by pulling out the gates and making a channel for our boats to pass. This we successfully did in a few hours and put our boats on fair sailing. This timely and opportune trip effectually opened up navigation and commerce throughout the valley and was never again obstructed.

The next decade brought us the Valley railroad, which wholly suspended the old-time flat boats and steamers. The most beautiful river in all the great west is now spanned with iron bridges, utilized and beautified, instead of navigated as of yore.

And now, if your patience will allow it, I will summarize a few of the leading public enterprises of the old County of Van Buren. As early as 1842 we built the first brick court house in the State, and it compares favorably with modern houses at the present day, and is good for half a century to come. Van Buren county men built the first houses for the military post at Des Moines. Van Buren county furnished the men to navigate the river and open up commerce in the valley. Van Buren has furnished quite a number of prominent men to fill honorable positions in the State and Nation. Van Buren was not behind in sending soldiers and recruits to put down the rebellion. Eighteen hundred or more valiant soldiers evidenced their faith in the union cause and stayed till victory perched upon their banners. Twombly, of Keosauqua, planted the victorious flag on the walls of Fort Donnellson. Van Buren furnished the men that responded to the nation's call for aid, aggregating \$200,000, during the rebellion, and since has expended \$200,000 more in public improvements. Van Buren was first in the market with fat hogs and young cattle and horses. Van Buren has excelled her sister counties in agricultural fairs, as well, it may be said. The Bonaparte mills (Meek Bros.) stand unrivalled in the great west; their woolen goods have gained an enviable reputation throughout the entire west.

With this brief sketch you will excuse me on the old settler side. A word for the young settlers will be in order. The festivities of the day are all to the credit of the young settlers. I have enjoyed the grand display of their genuine hospitality and the many good things they have said in behalf of the present and the past in old settler times.

I am now reminded of the fact that we who are celebrating these events are not alone entitled to the honors for these laudable acts. Others whose names would fill a page in patriotic history, who have passed over the other side, reposing in their last sleep, should be remembered as worthy of equal credit for all these noble efforts.

It has been truly said here to-day that the Gate City is truly great in everything she undertakes, a compliment eminently worthy the young settlers on this festive occasion. With these remarks I beg leave to close.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH OF COL. G. A. HAWLEY.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am not on the programme for a speech to-day, and don't intend to make one. I will, however, make a few remarks in regard to a few incidents concerning myself in connection with the early history of Keokuk, and surrounding counties in Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. My first visit to Keokuk was in 1841, when but a youth, my father having just previously moved to the territory and settled at West Point, in this county. In 1844 I came to Keokuk and taught school in a log school house which stood on or near the bluff between here and Main street, not far, I think, from where S. T. Marshall's residence now stands. There were no other buildings in the vicinity of the school house. It was surrounded with hazel brush and small trees. Eliza Hood, who is said to have been the first white child born in Keokuk, was one of my pupils. Also, Margaret Stillwell, who afterwards became Mrs. Dr. Ford of this city, and J. F. and D. C. Daugherty, and several others who yet reside here. I taught two or three terms, but only one I believe in the old log house.

I remember a paper we had published here the first winter I taught. We had an editor, and contributors, but no printers. We were too primitive for printers. The editorials and contributions were written and read at stated meetings once a week. In looking over some old papers a short time ago to get some items of the early times in Keokuk, which I had promised to write up for Judge Davis, I found one of my old communications to the "Keokuk Gazette." But a few days since I received an exceedingly handsome copy of the Keokuk Constitution, in which was a history of the newspaper enterprises and progress in this city. I could but think of the difference between then and now: the Keokuk Gazette of that day, and the Keokuk Constitution of the present, and the four or five beautifully executed papers in the city to-day, three of them dailies.

Little did I at that time imagine I would at this day point to so many well edited and handsomely printed papers in Keokuk.

A portion of the time I boarded with Rev. Jones, a Presbyterian clergyman sent here and supported by the Home Missionary Society.

I remember that one morning about daylight an old gentleman of considerable notoriety, by the name of McKane, and who I believe was a member of the Presbyterian church, came to Mr. Jones' and called us up and told us the Smiths had been killed at Carthage during the night. And I can say like Mayor Adams, that I was at Burlington when the Hodges were hung, though it could not be proven by me whether they were ever hung, for as soon as they were placed upon the scaffold and the black caps drawn over their heads, I turned my head in another direction and left the ground.

Many incidents of early times I would like to relate, did time and your patience permit. But I told you I would not inflict a speech upon you at this hour. The American people are noted for speech making, and perhaps I inherit some of the peculiarity, but upon occasions like this I believe in more sociability and less talking. Though, we have had a pleasant time to-day, and I would not cast any reflections upon the gentlemen from Missouri and Illinois for their somewhat lengthy but able speeches. This being the first Tri-State Old Settlers' meeting, it was fitting for those gentlemen to set forth at some length the resources and growth of the States they represented.

A few words more in regard to myself and I shall have finished. I commenced the study of law in Keokuk in 1846 with John M. Young, who was afterward elected prosecuting attorney for this county. I left here and went to Fort Madison, where the Hon. Daniel F. Miller then lived, and studied under him till the winter of 1848, when I was admitted to the bar at a term of court held in the old (then new) Methodist church on Exchange street, this city; Geo. H. Williams, more recently of Grant's cabinet, presiding judge.

In the summer of 1849 I put the first ferry boat on the river here that ever was run across from this place to the Illinois shore as a regular ferry boat. At the close of navigation I went back to Fort Madison, sold my boat to Mr. Messenger, and I believe he took it to Sandusky or Nashville. The boat was propelled by horse power.

There was a mistake made here at the Old Settlers' meeting last year in regard to the first ferry, which I did not have an opportunity of correcting, or I might not mention it now.

I have been a citizen in each of these three great states. I like them all. They are three of the grandest states in the federal union. And the city of Keokuk especially, as well as others generally, on the Mississippi river, is so situated as to receive great benefits from each.

We are in the heart of a bountiful country. Peace and plenty surrounds us. May our prosperity be continued. And may we be permitted to meet and greet each other yet in the future, and enjoy ourselves as of this day; yea, more abundantly.

And now, as we are in the midst of a presidential campaign, I would advise to avoid undue excitement, keep cool, and if we cannot readily decide which of the several men who are candidates to support, let us bow to woman's charms, including the tricycle on which she rides, and vote for Belva Lockwood.

Committee to report an Executive Committee and Officers for the ensuing year submitted the following:

Hon. Wm. N. Grover, Hon. Thomas C. Sharp, Hon. Samuel R. Chittenden, for Illinois; Colonel David Moore, Major R. D. Cramer, Joseph McCoy, Esq., for Missouri, and Hon. Edward Johnstone, Capt. J. W. Campbell, and Hon. Edwin Manning, for Iowa. The Committee further recommend that Hon. Edward Johnstone be selected as President of the Board, and the other members be Vice Presidents; and also the election of John H. Cole as Secretary, and J. O. Voorhies as Treasurer. Adopted.

MUSIC—"AULD LANG SYNE."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind,
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 In days of Auld Lang Syne.

CHORUS.

For Auld Lang Syne, Lang Syne, my dear,
 For days of Auld Lang Syne,
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet
 For days of Auld Lang Syne.

We two have run about the braes
 And pulled the flowers fine.
 But we've wandered many a heavy foot
 Since days of Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, &c.

We two have paddled on the lake
 From morn till day's decline,
 But seas between us broad have roared
 Since days of Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
 Give me a hand of thine,
 And we'll take a right good jolly draught
 For days of Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, &c.

The following letters were received:

HON. JOHN M. HAMILTON, GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 22d, 1884.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,
Keokuk, Iowa.

My Dear Sir :—Yours of 20th, as Chairman of the Invitation Committee, extending to me an invitation to be present at the reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, to be held in Keokuk, Thursday, October 2d, 1884, is received. In reply I would state that I would take pleasure in accepting the invitation, and being present if I could, but I have other engagements, already made for that date.

I am very respectfully yours,

JOHN M. HAMILTON.

HON. THOS. T. CRITTENDEN, GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

STATE OF MISSOURI, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, Sept. 22d, 1884.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,
Chairman Invitation Committee.

Sir :—I am instructed by the Governor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite note of 20th inst., inclosing an invitation to him to attend the first reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, to be held in Rand Park in your city, on Thursday, Oct. 2d, proximo.

He directs me to thank you for the invitation and say that a previous engagement will prevent him from attending.

Very respectfully,

F. C. FARR,
Private Secretary.

HON. BUREN R. SHERMAN, GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

STATE OF IOWA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
DES MOINES, Sept. 13th, 1884.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,
Chairman Invitation Committee, Keokuk.

My Dear Sir :—Pray accept my grateful thanks for your cordial invitation to attend the reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, to be held in your city on Oct. 2d next, a compliment which I warmly appreciate.

I cannot now say whether or not it will be possible for me to be present, having other engagements during that week, but I will make an earnest effort to be with you at that time. But whether so or not, I trust

the occasion will be one of great interest to all concerned, and prove a gratifying success in every respect, and I know will demonstrate anew the cordial hospitality of the good people of the Gate City.

Very respectfully yours,

BUREN R. SHERMAN.

HON. FRED. O'DONNELL, OF DUBUQUE.

The following letter was received by the Committee on Invitation from the Hon. Fred O'Donnell, of Dubuque, late member of the Iowa Legislature, and Mayor of Dubuque :

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:—As a recipient of an invitation to attend your reunion, received at the hands of my esteemed personal friend, and our distinguished fellow-citizen, General Jones, I beg to say through him that inability to be present is a subject of deep regret. It has always been a school of absorbing interest and highly-prized instruction to me to listen to the early history of our great producing States as given by the very men whose lives are in the stories of these States. A thought of what has been accomplished in the development of this country within the lives of men now present at your meeting, presents a picture of such rapid growth as to challenge the comprehension of the human mind. The very ground on which you stand, with one-half of what is now Iowa, and so far as civil jurisdiction is concerned, the whole territory west to the Pacific Ocean, was at one time included within the County of Des Moines. The other half of Iowa, with nearly all of Minnesota, was included within the County of Dubuque. Then the wild Indian, wild deer and wild buffalo roamed in undisturbed possession of our beautiful prairies, occasionally alarmed by the sharp crack of the rifle or at sight of the face of the hardy and courageous pioneer. Now, within the space of a single life, how great the change! Where once grew the tall grass which fed the deer and buffalo, now grows the silken tassel and the bearded grain. Where once grew the fruits of the forest, now grow the apple and the pear, while the luscious globules of the grape attest in several ways our higher civilization. Where once coursed the trail of the warrior only to be followed by himself and the scavenger of savage life, the wolt, now steams the mighty train with our products and our people. Where once stood the wigwam of a savage race, are now the happy Christian homes of our pioneers' descendants. The fury of the chase and clash of war are past, but from the school house chimney curls the smoke, and gladdened children's shouts are heard upon the very course where Keokuk led his warriors to the fray. A dozen States and more, with millions of intelligent people, possessing thousands of millions of material wealth, now mark the territory which could almost have been purchased with the fortune of a single pioneer.

For all these grand old men, the fathers of our State, we feel affection's bond as tightly drawn as if they were our own. The saddest

thought that comes at such a time as this, is that one born of fear, that they who've been with us so long may stay so short a time. May many years yet roll and autumn suns return before we bear away the cherished forms of those who taught us how to battle, live, and make a nation great.

With sentiments of great respect,

Yours very truly,

FRED. O'DONNELL.

FROM HON. J. B. BROWN, MAYOR OF HANNIBAL, MO.

HANNIBAL, MO., Oct. 1st, 1884.

S. E. CAREY, Esq.,

President Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir :—In response to your invitation to myself and citizens of Hannibal to participate in the re-union to be held in your city, on the 2d inst., I regret to say that a combination of circumstances will prevent my attendance, and as our annual fair is now in progress, but few of our citizens have signified their intention to avail themselves of your kind invitation. I will here remark, however, that I am in full sympathy with the spirit of the occasion, and trust that your efforts to bring together the citizens—especially the Old Settlers of the great States of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, may be crowned with success beyond your most sanguine expectations. I believe I realize, and I assure you I highly appreciate the aspirations of the association, as it doubtless aims to more fully cement the bonds of friendship by this social organization, that should ever exist between the citizens of adjoining State. And it would be a glorious consummation if the spirit of your association could be extended to and throughout our whole sisterhood of States. A social intercourse tends greatly to smoothe down the aspersities, and stimulate and foster the amenities of life, as well between the citizens of States as of communities and families.

Trusting that on some future occasion I may have the pleasure of meeting you personally, and also of taking part in your future meetings, and thanking you in behalf of our citizens and for myself for your kind invitation, I am sincerely and respectfully,

Yours, &c.,

J. B. BROWN, Mayor.

WM. B. STREET, ESQ., OMAHA, NEB.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 30, 1884.

J. H. COLE, Esq.,

Secretary Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir :—Your circular and invitation received and would have had earlier notice, but for my absence.

I regret my inability to be present, and desire you to express my regrets to the association.

Having been born down in Egypt, at Shawneetown, Gallatan county, when the State of Illinois was only six months old. I am a "Sucker" by birth-right. From 1827 to 1834, I was in Wisconsin, (just opposite where McGregor now stands,) then known as "Bloodyrun," (so named after a massacre of a portion of one Indian tribe, by the warriors of another tribe.) In 1834 I located on the Yellow river, (now in Allamekee county) on the Winnebago lands, and farmed with them for a year. In 1839 I came with my father, General Joseph M. Street, to the Sac and Fox agency, (now seven miles east of Ottumwa) and have lived in Iowa up to this date, except the short time I have been in this State.

Take the natural advantages of the three States, in the association and it would be hard, I may say impossible, to find the duplicate. And what of the people? As early as the days when Philadelphia was settled, the pioneers were planting villages on the Illinois, and that portion of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers embraced in these three States. The advantages of the great plains, covered with luxuriant foliage, became at once apparent to the judgment and foresight of the best type of men, not only in every State of the Union, but of every part of the civilized world. The result was that these States were settled by the pick of the world. Their constitutions and laws are, (with one exception, in Missouri) an improvement upon those of all the older States, and their progress in that direction has been upward and onward, so as to keep them in the lead, and an example by which the other States have been led to make wonderful improvements on their old plans. It is an interesting study to go back to the early French settlements at Kaskashia, Ste. Genevieve, St. Louis and many other places and trace them to the present day. How the enterprising sons of new England, the middle, southern and border States came among the quiet French villages and allied themselves to the ruling element, and pushed out the "drones." Thus, in a way, proving the truth of the theory of, "The survival of the fittest." That saying "The Chinese must go," it is only the embodiment of the idea that seized the brain of the Anglo Saxon race, when Napoleon turned over to them the territory of these fair States. The leading thought from that day has been that every incapable of whatsoever name or nation, must "git up and git."

Many of you remember the class of men that settled these States. You know the difference between those who came to stay and those who were faint-hearted and went back "in yander" and to parts further east and south. Among those early settlers you can recall the many instances of walks of life, and which was not so often due to education and early success, in all the training, as to some marked superiority of brain or brawn. There may be some among you who remember the bright "Starr" and the sun "Brown," "Jesse B." who fell by the hands of "A King" of the earth. But for this, those names with many others might have been as famous in the land as "old Daddy Grimes, that good old soul." There were some bright lights, who as Longfellow sings--

"By the wayside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life."

Among the characteristic traits of this people forbearance is not one of the virtues. True, they will put up with many faults and even vices in themselves, but they will not have a master. These States never produced a "Tweed," harbored "A Burr" or tolerated a "Jeff Davis." And they sent to the white house, and the tented field, men who were able to bring the ship of State through a terrible storm to a safe harbor. The Buchanan's, the Mc.'s and Burnside's failed because they were born too far from the Mississippi river. Amid the turmoil of border life, contention over claims, and strife in the lead mines there has been a marked sense of what was "just and right." Instance the trial and execution of the miner O'Connor, I believe, at Dubuque, for murdering his adversary in a dispute about a lead mine. The country had just been acquired from the Indians. There were no laws or officers to execute them. The people resolved themselves into a body politic, elected a judge and officers of the court; and that the culprit might have impartial justice, and have no grounds to claim a "change of venue," they went to a steamer at the landing on its trip down the river, and subpoenaed the passengers to serve on the jury. This is but one of many like incidents.

But the feeling of "The survival of the fittest" has led our people into a grievous sin and wrong; done to a people to whom we owe a greater debt than we shall ever be able to pay; for the time is past. It is with mingled feelings of sorrow and shame that I refer to our treatment of the "Red man," who has much more to lay to our charge than the "Black man" ever had. The policy of the general government opened the door, and thrift and greed, together with the heedless, careless, lazy character of the Indians has brought upon them a fate they never deserved. In speaking of the perpetrators of these wrongs, I cannot spare either age, sex, or former condition in life. Kleptomania prevailed as an epidemic. The desire to take something seized the trader, settler, government employe and even the preachers were not, in all cases,

exempt from its attacks. When we had stolen all they had laying around loose, last of all we stole their lands. The greatest injustice of our government is in not making them citizens. The black man got a vote and became "a man and brother;" this is the chief cause of the many wrongs done to the Indian. He has no vote.

The confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes were a noble type of the aborigines. For brains I can refer you to Keokuk, who though a rogue and a drunkard, was one of the most gifted orators this country ever produced. And the good Black Hawk, who, notwithstanding his bloody fame, was one of nature's honest noblemen. Too honest to believe the white man really intended to steal his village, and too simple to set himself right before the world. And Wapello, the true hearted friend and honest man, whose boast was that he never shed the blood of a white man. Nor are these all. I could name you scores who with honest and fair treatment, would have shown gifts and traits of character to recommend them to every honest fair minded man. My father, General Jos. M. Street, proposed to settle these Indians on a reservation land held in severalty without the power to sell, proceeds of other lands to be expended in houses, etc., and instructions in the arts of civilization. His death prevented the carrying out of this plan. When he went among the Winnebagos, in 1827 they were called the "British band," and were the most degraded tribe on the Mississippi; treacherous, thieving and brutal. He got schools and farming among them, and they are now living in the north of this State (Nebraska,) and progressing in civilization, while far better Indians both by nature and practice have become almost extinct from oppression and "whiskey." I am glad to see that you have put the portrait of Keokuk, one of the most talented of this much injured race, (but alas! not one of the best) on your invitation cards. But let us do more, let each one use his influence to have some justice, (though tardy,) done to the "Red Man." Let those who fear the Indian and white man can't live quietly together go to Tama City, Tama county, Iowa, and find several hundred living on land they have bought, and are in perfect harmony and peace with their white neighbors.

Wishing you all "good speed" and hoping you may yet have many happy reunions, and that I "may be there to see," I am, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

WM. B. STREET.

2419 Hany street, Omaha, Neb.

REV. L. B. DENNIS, KNOXVILLE, ILL.

KNOXVILLE, ILL., Sept. 15th, 1884.

JOHN H. COLE,

Secretary Tri-State Old Settlers' Ass'n, and Executive Committee.

Dear Friends, one and all:—Your card and circular are both at hand; yes, just at hand to-day. * * * Your kind and cordial invita-

tion, to my wife and self, to attend the reunion of the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held in Rand Park, Keokuk, Iowa, Thursday Oct. 2d, 1884. With our gratitude, we feel ourselves very much honored to be thus invited. Providence permitting, we will try to be there; yes, we shall be glad to enjoy the privilege. * * * As I have been a citizen of all the States named, I can but feel that the second article of the constitution embraces me. I went to Iowa in 1844, to Missouri in 1851, and to Illinois in 1870, and am here even unto this day. I was appointed pastor of the M. E. Church in August, 1846, in Keokuk, Iowa. Had the honor of being the first stationed preacher of our church in Keokuk. * * * That you may see that I was in Iowa some time, I will give you a list of my charges in the order they came. My first was Wapello, the next Birmingham, then Keokuk, then Fort Madison, then Mt. Pleasant, then Muscatine, then Burlington, then Hannibal, Mo., then St. Louis, then Fairfield, Iowa, then Iowa City, and was on a district as Presiding Elder at Oskaloosa, when I came to this State (Illinois), and am still in the regular work, though in my 73d year. * * *

Hoping you will have a grand time, wishing you all good,

I am respectfully yours,

L. B. DENNIS.

L. B. FLEAK, Esq., BRIGHTON, IOWA.

BRIGHTON, IOWA, Sept. 9th, 1884.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq., and others,

Committee of Invitation.

Gentlemen:—Your kind invitation to attend the "Tri-State Old Settlers' Association," to be held at Keokuk, October 2d, was received in due time, and I was in hopes that my health would be sufficiently improved to permit us (Mrs. Fleak and myself) to respond to that invitation in person, as nothing could give us more genuine pleasure than to meet with the many of our old friends from all three of the States, who will doubtless be there. My health is much improved, but not sufficiently for me to venture from home yet.

We hope and know that you will have a glorious good time, such as the citizens of Keokuk never fail to have when they undertake anything of the kind. We came to Keokuk on the 8th of March, 1840, and many of our old esteemed friends, whose acquaintance we made in after years, have passed away; but there are hundreds yet left that we would be rejoiced to meet, and should any of them happen to mention our names, present them our kindest regards.

Most cordially yours,

L. B. and JULIA A. FLEAK.

L. R. BISSELL, Esq., SAN JOSE, CAL.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Sept. 17th, 1884.

JOHN H. COLE, Esq.,

Sec'y Tri-State Old Settlers' Association,

Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 7th inst., with invitation to attend the first reunion of your Association at Rand Park in your city, October 2d next was duly received, and in reply would say that it would give me a great deal of pleasure to meet with you on that occasion, but I will have to defer it until some future time, when I hope to meet you and take the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa by the hand.

I settled in Iowa in May, 1837, or forty-seven years ago, and lived in Lee county until about four years ago.

Hoping the old settlers will have a good time on the 2d of October, I remain

Yours truly,

L. R. BISSELL.

HON. WM. N. GROVER, WARSAW, ILL.

WARSAW, ILL., Sept. 29th, 1884.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq., COL. J. M. REID, COL. R. E. HILL, JOHN E. WALKER,
Esq., WM. A. BROWNELL, Esq.,

Committee of Invitation,

Keokuk, Iowa.

Gentlemen:—Your kind invitation to attend the first reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association to be held in your city October 2d, was duly received. My answer has been delayed in the hope that events might finally result in an acceptance, but I regret to say that it now seems that circumstances beyond my control will make it quite impossible for me to attend.

I knew Keokuk as early as September, 1837, and have noted its subsequent growth and prosperity with interest. I knew and remember among my friends, a considerable number of those enterprising and useful men who contributed so largely in laying the foundation of your present prosperity, many of whom have gone to their rest, while some have sought other homes, and some yet remain to enjoy the honors, wealth and solid distinction which they have so fairly earned.

More than thirty years ago I narrowly escaped casting my lot in your city for better or for worse, having been honored by a pressing invitation by the late Judge John W. Rankin, (then a young man, promising to become, as he afterward did become, a very eminent and successful lawyer), to become a partner in the law firm of Curtis & Rankin, a firm which, first and last, through all its changes and successions, has been

very remarkable for its general success in practice, and the many honored names it has added to the legislative and judicial records of the State and nation.

Aside from the pleasure to be gathered from these reunions, they are highly useful by reason of the facilities they afford for preserving the history and traditions of early days.

Sincerely regretting that I cannot be with you, I am

Very truly yours,

WM. N. GROVER.

ALEXANDER CRUIKSHANK, WEST POINT, IOWA.

NEAR WEST POINT, LEE CO., IOWA, Sept. 25th, 1884.

HON. S. E. CAREY,

President Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

Dear Sir:—Your invitation to me to attend the reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held in Rand Park, Keokuk, Iowa, Thursday, October, 2d, 1884, was received several days ago. I have postponed my answer thereto, hoping to be able to say definitely that I will be present. I will be with you on the second day of October and meet my pioneer friends of the three States and take them by the hand, as there is nothing which I enjoy more and gives me more pleasure. Hoping, my dear sir, that we may have a beautiful day, and that the occasion may prove a grand success,

I am respectfully yours,

ALEXANDER CRUIKSHANK.

GEO. W. JONES, DUBUQUE, IOWA.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, Sept. 27th, 1884.

Gentlemen:—I accept with pleasure and sincere thankfulness the very polite invitation given me, in your circular letter of the 6th ult., and also by card, to attend the "first reunion of the Tri-State Association to be held in the city of Keokuk, on Thursday, the 2d of October, 1884."

Nothing but sickness, death, or some extraordinary interposition intervening shall prevent me from coming with you on the anticipated happy occasion. Absence from home has prevented an earlier acknowledgment of the receipt of your highly appreciated invitation.

Born at Vincennes, Ind., on the 12th of April, A. D., 1804, at 10 o'clock a. m., having resided many years in Illinois and Wisconsin, once part of the Territory of Indiana and of which Michigan, too, was a component part which I represented as delegate to Congress, and having long

resided in Missouri and Iowa, I hope I may be permitted to sign your Constitution and become thereby a member of your association.

I am, gentlemen, your fellow citizen and grateful friend,

GEO. W. JONES.

To C. F. Davis, Col. R. E. Hill, Col. J. M. Reid. John E. Walker,
Wm. A. Brownell.

MRS. S. C. VAN DYKE, SIOUX CITY.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, Oct. 1st, 1884.

JOHN H. COLE, ESQ.,

Sec'y Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the reunion of old settlers to-morrow. I shall gladly avail myself of the same, and trust I may meet many of my old friends.

My husband made a claim and built a cabin on forty acres immediately adjoining the town of Fort Madison in the year 1837, so I think I have a valid claim to the name of old settler.

Very respectfully yours,

MRS. S. C. VAN DYKE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND REGRETS

Were also received from the following :

Mrs. Hon. T. B. Cuming, Omaha, Neb.
 Gerald R. McDowell, Racine, Wis.
 Hon. S. R. Chittenden, Mendon, Ill.
 Hawkins Taylor, Washington, D. C.
 J. M. Asher, San Diego County, Cal.
 General James W. Singleton, Quincy, Ill.
 Maj. Frank Bridgman, Washington, D. C.
 Col. John H. Bacon, Colorado Springs, Col.
 John H. Sullivan, Esq., Albuquerque, N. M.
 Ben. Johnson, Esq., Secretary Van Buren County Old Settlers.
 E. C. Blackmar, Secretary Des Moines County Old Settlers.
 Col. Wm. H. McDoel, Louisville, Ky.
 Hon. Henry W. Rothert, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
 Hon. John W. Ogden, Urbana, Ohio.
 Hon. T. S. Parvin, Iowa City.
 J. C. Swan, Esq., Denmark, Iowa.
 J. T. Patterson, Esq., Orleans, Neb.
 James Barker, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis.
 John Givin, Esq., Des Moines, Iowa.
 Hon. John Van Valkenburg, Fort Madison, Iowa.
 Geo. Stanwood, Esq., Boston, Mass.
 Hon. R. M. Reynolds, Washington, D. C.
 H. S. Fairall, Esq., Iowa City.

PERSONAL AND HISTORICAL.

A. VERY OLD SETTLER.

General William Henry Harrison, of St. Francisville, Mo., is a very old settler. He attended the celebration, coming in an old-fashioned stage coach drawn by four horses. This coach carried the first mail into Clark county. Mr. Harrison was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, in 1801, and made his first trip up the Mississippi in 1819. He went to Clark county, Mo., to establish a trading post in 1822, and has been a resident for 63 years. He traded with the Indians for about 20 years. For a time he was a pilot on a steamboat. He was in one battle in the Winnebago war and served all through the Black Hawk war. His memory is quite distinct as to old settler days, but he is liable to get dates mixed. His daughter, Mrs. Octavio Harris was the first white child born west of the Des Moines river, above the Missouri line.

HENRY CLAY DEAN.

Among the distinguished and many honored guests of the Tri-State Old Settlers' reunion was Henry Clay Dean, who has a national reputation as an orator. He was chaplain of the United States Senate when Gen. Geo. W. Jones and Gen. A. C. Dodge were Senators from Iowa. Mr. Dean is a remarkable man, an old settler of Iowa, possessing great originality and power as a public speaker. He is now 62 years of age, but has yet, as was said of the first Napoleon, many more campaigns yet in his belly.

Hon. P. G. Ballingall, of Ottumwa, who made his first business venture in Iowa, at Keokuk, brought with him some reminders of the olden time.

Dr. F. C. Roberts, of the Ft. Madison Daily Potomowok, had his headquarter's tent pitched upon the ground, and his friends were made welcome.

The young settlers kept the dancing platform warm to the music furnished by the veteran violinists, J. C. Griffey and Dial Phillips, while the patriarchs crowded around enjoying the repetition of scenes when they themselves could "cut the pigeon wing."

The selection and rendition of music by the Sextette Vocal Club, under the leadership of Prof. H. C. Landes, commanded just appreciation.

One of the oldest settlers present was Mrs. M. M. Aldrich. She was the second white woman who came to "The Point," now Keokuk, arriving on the Steamboat, "Red River," from St. Louis, on the second day of July, 1829. The only white lady residing here at that time was

Mrs. Maria Stillwell, a sister of Valencourt Vanorsdall, and now living in Sanoma county, California. Keokuk at that time was a mere Indian trading post, the building occupied by the American Fur Company being situated on the river bank, between what is now Main and Blondeau streets. The only other structure being a small building occupied by Moses Stillwell, as a grocery store. During Mrs Aldrich's three years residence here, she formed the acquaintance of Col. Russel Farnum, who was a member of the American Fur Company, and a traveler of great note in those days, having journeyed on foot from Keokuk up to Behring Straits, and thence to St. Petersburg across the desolate and barren land of Siberia. Mrs. Aldrich related many interesting incidents concerning the Indian chiefs, Keokuk and Black Hawk, both of whom were frequent visitors to her cabin home. Chief Keokuk was a Polygomist, and upon the occasion of his third marriage to a beautiful young Indian girl, a portion of the honeymoon was spent at her house. In 1832 Mrs. Aldrich took up her residence at old Ft. Edward, (now Warsaw) where she has continued to reside to this time.

Another notable lady present was Mrs. Elenor Thornburg, of Ottumwa, Iowa. She is the daughter of Dr. Isaac Galland, and sister of Captain Washington Galland, of Montrose. Mrs Thornburg was the first female white child born in Lee county. Her parents then living at Nashville. The first male white child born in Lee county being Peter Wever, on the Maurice Blondeau farm, about four miles south of Nashville, both being born on the same day, but Peter came in ahead about four hours. Mrs. Thornburg has in her possession a blanket, presented to her mother by Black Hawk, in which she was wrapped during her infancy.

Capt. Wm. Phelps, of Lewiston, Fulton county, Ill., was present with his wife. Capt. Phelps came to Puck-e-she-tuck (Keokuk) in 1825, as an independent Indian trader, was very successful, and became a formidable competitor of the American Fur Company, of which he afterwards became a member. He was also a noted steamboatman on the upper Mississippi in early days. The captain looks hale and hearty, and expects to attend many succeeding reunions.

One of the most pleasing and gracious incidents of the day was the munificent act of Hon. Lyman Cook, who came with a welcome car load and more of Burlington's best citizens. Through his large-hearted generosity they were accompanied by the splendid brass band of their city. The presence of the Burlington party added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

THE PRESS.

John Burdette, editor of the Burlington Hawkeye, Mr. Hutchinson of the Burlington Gazette, Dr. F. C. Roberts and Ed. Roberts of the Fort Madison Democrat, Mr. Sharpe of the Carthage Gazette, W. W. Junkin of

the Fairfield Ledger, and other newspaper men from abroad were present.

THE REGISTER.

Orion Clemens had charge of the registration of those eligible to join the Association. The tent way crowded most of the day, and many in the afternoon were unable to gain admission. Over one thousand signed and received badges.

MUSIC.

Music was furnished by the Keokuk Military Band, Wittich's Second Regiment Brass Band, McCormick's Drum Corps, the Burlington Brass Band and the Gem City Martial Band, in addition to the sextette composed of H. C. Landes, Dr. Frank Wyman, J. H. Ternilleger, Freb. Robertson and George Robertson, with George D. Mann at the organ.

CONTINENTAL GUARDS.

A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presence of the above organization from Fort Madison. The company is made up of about thirty bright handsome boys, uniformed after the style of '76, under the instruction of Robt. J. Barr.

THE SOLDIER BOYS.

The soldier boys had a glorious time at the dinner hour. The register shows that several hundred were present. Torrence Post G. A. R. served all ex-soldiers with an old army meal of coffee beans and pickles, hard tack and bacon. It was cooked on the ground and served in vessels and plates of tin. A camp fire, martial band, tents, etc., gave realistic effect to the assumed camp life. Speeches were made by Gen. John W. Noble of St. Louis, Gen. David Moore of Canton, Mo., General Bruce of Alabama, Ed. Roberts of Fort Madison, and Colonel Stone of Burlington.

NOTE.—The proceedings of the Association at its next reunion, to be held in 1885, will be published in the same complete form of these. Copies of the proceedings of 1885 will be mailed to any one who may furnish their address with 50 cents to J. O. Voorhies, Treasurer, Keokuk, Iowa.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1885.

ILLINOIS.

HON. WM. N. GROVER, Warsaw.
HON. THOS. C. SHARPE, Carthage.
HON. SAM'L R. CHITTENDEN, Mendon.

MISSOURI.

COL. DAVID MOORE, Canton.
MAJ. R. D. CRAMER, Memphis.
HON. JOS. McCOY, Wayland.

IOWA.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE, Keokuk.
CAPT. J. W. CAMPBELL, Fort Madison.
HON. EDWIN MANNING, Keosauqua.

• EDWARD JOHNSTONE, President, Keokuk.
JNO. H. COLE, Secretary, Keokuk.
J. O. VOORHIES, Treasurer, Keokuk.







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